



1941



WITAN















NATHANIEL G. WEST, Principal of Charlotte High School, discusses with our children from Harrow, England, his recent visit to Toronto.

RAYMOND CHEESEBOROUGH, JEAN CROSS, JOYCE COWERS, FRANK HARRIS, SYLVIA SMITH, LESLIE SNOOK, SYDNEY SNOOK, LILY WOODAGE, OLIVE WOODS.

## IN MEMORIAM

*Write this for a memorial in a book.*  
*Exodus 17:14*

Many touching tributes have been paid Miss Emerson. Brief quotations from some of these are here reproduced. This we do in memory of her.

### *"Just in Passing*

*There is sorrow in many Rochester homes today over the death of Miss Carolyn Emerson, for two decades teacher of French at Charlotte High School. A member of a pioneer Rochester family, she spent practically all her life here and in teaching in Western New York schools. In 1918 she served in YMCA work in France. Miss Emerson was a woman of strong character, dignity, and great charm. Her death is a genuine loss to the city."*

*—Times-Union Editorial,*

*December 31, 1940*

*"Her favorite proverb was 'Noblesse Oblige': 'Rank entails responsibility' or 'Nobleness of conduct is expected from those who are well born'. She fully exemplified this in her own life.*

*To her the rank of noble character was the highest to be obtained.*

*She often discussed with a student or a group of students the meaning of that good old French proverb. Many were led to a new sense of personal responsibility and self respect.*

*She often discussed with a student or a group of students the meaning of that good old French proverb. Many were led to a new sense of personal responsibility and self respect.*

*Our finest tribute to Miss Emerson, then, is in learning from her the many meanings of 'Noblesse Oblige' and in our daily practice of noble conduct as an outward expression of our self respect and as a builder of even nobler character."*

*"Although she had many diverse interests in life, many activities and many friends outside of her school connections, she nevertheless took her primary job of educating very seriously. Nothing that could be prevented was ever allowed by her to interfere with that job. She had a very definite philosophy about her teaching activities. Of course, primarily her work was to instill a knowledge of French language into students sufficiently, broadly and firmly to enable them to pass examinations and go on to more advanced studies. Her work did not stop there. Modestly and almost humbly, conscious that her judgment might or might not be correct, she ever tried to instill good citizenship, consideration for other people, a sense of obligation and ambition into all of the young people who for a brief time were entrusted to her care."*

*"Bon jour, mes amis!*

*We thank you, Carolyn Emerson, for the example of a loyal and useful life, of a gallant spirit, of a wide tolerance.*

*And from the bottom of our hearts, hundreds of your friends cry to you, who go ahead of us by a few years:*

*Bon voyage!"*





*To be spiritually minded is life and peace.*  
*Romans 8:6*

MISS CAROLYN L. EMERSON TAUGHT FRENCH  
IN CHARLOTTE HIGH SCHOOL FROM 1919 TO 1940



*CHARLOTTE*

*LIBRARY STAFF*

*SOCIAL STUDIES*



*PERSONNEL*



# TEACHERS



MUSIC

PRACTICAL ARTS



HEALTH  
EDUCATION





# ENGLISH AND FRENCH

## COMMERCIAL



## MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE

## OFFICE STAFF





Seniors









DONALD CUSHMAN  
*snare drum*

JOSEPH PUCETA  
*bass drum*

GENEVIEVE KAVANAUGH  
*drum majorette*

**RICHARD BOWLLAN,***Class President*

70 Kemphurst Road

*Class pres.? . . . Best yet!*  
*Football? . . . Triple threat!*  
*Reg'lar fella?—You bet!*

Baseball 3; Basketball Club 2, 3, 4;  
 Executive Council 4; Football 4; Les  
 Babilards 3; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Senior  
 Council 4; Senior High School Party  
 Committee 4; Service League 4;  
 Waiters' Corps 3; National Honor  
 Society 4.

**JEAN LISSOW** *Class Secretary*

218 River Street

*Eeeny, Meeny, Miney, Moe;*  
*Fritz, or Jimmy, Dick, or Joe?*

Banking Committee 2, 3; Biology Club  
 3; Candy Committee 4; Cheerleader 4;  
 Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Associa-  
 tion 4; Service League 3; Swimming 3,  
 4; Visual Aid Corps, 2, 3, 4; Witan 4.

**DOROTHY ROWE,***Guardian of the Flag*

991 Bennington Drive

*"Virtue is true happiness,  
 Excellence true beauty."*

Badminton 2, 3; Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; *Craig's*  
*Wife* 2; Girls' Athletic Association 4;  
 Inter-high Science Club 3, 4; *Outward*  
*Bound* 3; Pilot 2, 3, 4; Service League  
 3, 4; *Streets of New York* 2; Tennis  
 3, 4; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4; Volley-  
 ball 4; Witan 4; National Honor So-  
 ciety 4.

**EMMA BARKER**

88 Leander Road

*"And dreaming, some of Autumn past,  
 And some of Spring approaching fast."*

Groton, 3 years.

**SHIRLEY BEDFORD**

289 Alpine Road

*Voice so jolly, smile so gay,  
 With these two charms, chase care  
 away.*

Baseball 2; Service League 4; Soccer 4;  
 Table Tennis 4; Tennis 4; Volleyball 4.

**MARY ELLEN BERGER**

65 Kemphurst Road

*A Western accent and sparkling eyes,  
 This girl from Nebraska is a pleasant  
 surprise.*

Seward High School, 2 years; Archery  
 4; Chi-Y 4; Optimates 4; Rurban Club  
 4; Service League 4; Tennis 4; Witan  
 4.

**ROBERT CRANSHAW,***Class Vice-President*

135 Falleson Road

*Alas poor maidens! He is leaving for  
 good.*

Basketball Officials' Club 2; Co-ed Vol-  
 leyball 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Reserve Base-  
 ball 3; Reserve Basketball 3; Senior  
 Council 4; Soccer 3, 4; Waiters' Corps  
 3.

**JOHN BAIRD** *Standard Bearer*

36 Wildmere Road

*Like an atom of sodium; extremely ac-  
 tive, always found in rare form, but  
 easily salted down by a little ch(l)-  
 orine.*

Boys' Camera Club 2, 3; Executive  
 Council 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Les Babil-  
 lards 2, 3; National Honor Society 3,  
 4; News Staff 4; Pilot 3, 4; Senior  
 Council 2, 3, (President) 4; Senior  
 Class Party Committee 4; Service  
 League 2, 4; Swimming 2, 3, 4; Wait-  
 ers' Corps 4.

**GEORGE BAKER**

190 Stonewood Avenue

*As large as life and twice as natural.*  
 Bowling Team 3.

**DOROTHY W. BARRY**

1744 Edgemere Drive

*Always full of fun—  
 Never without a smile—  
 'Dotty's just the one  
 Who'll make her life worth-while.'*

Monroe High School, 3 years; Candy  
 Committee 4; Executive Council 4;  
 Rurban Club 4; Senior Council, Presi-  
 dent 4; Swimming 4; Visual Aid Corps  
 4; Witan 4.

**VALERIE BENSEN**

230 Pullman Avenue

*With a jitterbug heart, and a witty  
 tongue, there's never a dull moment.*

Basketball 3; Bowling 4; *Craig's Wife*  
 2; Dime Dance Committee 4; Girls'  
 Athletic Association 4; *Julius Caesar* 2;  
 Pilot 4; Service League 4; Soccer 2, 3;  
 Swimming 2; Volleyball 4.

**JAMES BILLINGS**

129 Harding Road

*An actor's life was meant for him;  
 That sterling dramatist, "Big Jim".*

*Craig's Wife* 2; *Outward Bound* 3;  
 Senior Council 3; Service League 2;  
*Streets of New York* 2; Visual Aid  
 Corps 2; *Yankees in Spain* 3.



**GEORGE BIRD**

72 Hopper Terrace

*"There are smiles that make us happy."*

Band 2, 3, 4; Boys' Camera Club 2, 3, 4; Inter-high Band 4; Reserve Soccer 2, 3; Senior Council 4; Soccer 4; Volleyball 4.

**MARION BLOSS**

10 Lakewood Drive

*"An enticing, little fountain of youth."*

Banking Committee 2; Senior Council 3; Service League 4; Witan 4.

**GEORGE BOYD**

108 Conrad Drive

*You accomplish much more work if you generate steam, not hot air.*

Baseball 2; Basketball 4; Basketball Officials' Club 2; Reserve Basketball 2, 3; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Swimming Club 2, 3; Volleyball Club 2, 3, 4; Wrestling Club 2, 3, 4.

**HERBERT BRINDLEY**

82 Wendhurst Drive

*"Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—"**For beauty won't help if your vittles are cold."*

Basketball Officials' Club 2, 3; Bowling 4; Hi-Y 2, 3; Reserve Baseball 2; Service League 3; Soccer Club 2, 3; Tennis Club 3; Volleyball Club 2, 3.

**BETTY BRISTOL**

64 Camden Street

*Little care I, if little I am,  
I can do just as much as a bigger girl can.*

Chi-Y 3, 4; Senior Council 4; Senior Finance Committee 4; Senior High School Party Committee 4; Service League 2, 3, 4; Service League Council (President) 4; Witan 4.

**BEVERLY BURNS**

160 Wheeldon Drive

*"Be glad, and your friends are many."*

Pilot 4; Witan 3.

**GLADYS BUTLER**

4 Alonzo Street

*"In silence her wisdom is often concealed."*

Wellsboro High School, 3 years; Co-op Committee 4; Dancing 4; Leaders' Training Club 3; Service League 4; Witan 4.

**CLINTON BYRNES**

60 Holcomb Street

*Be calm, oh noble warrior,  
Don't let your anger mount.  
Ah! Now the crowd is silent;  
Let's make that foul shot count!*

Baseball 4; Basketball 4; Class Historian 4; Executive Council 4; Les Babillards 2, 3; Pilot 3, 4; Reserve Baseball 3; Reserve Basketball 2, 3; Senior Council 3, 4; Senior High School Party Committee 4; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.

**WARREN CHILDS**

21 Clio Street

*"If it be thus to dream, let me sleep."*

Horticulture Club 2; Service League 2, 4.

**CHESTER COUCH**

41 Cheltenham Road

*"A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."*

Band 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Les Babillards 2, 3; Rurban Club 4; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.

**CLAYTON CUSHMAN**

1033 Bennington Drive

*"If you spin not,  
Then you'll win not."*

Service League 3, 4.

**LOIS DAVIES**

71 Cragg Road

*"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."*

Les Babillards 2, 3.



**ELEANOR DETTMAN**

105 Forgham Road

*We see her smiling when we're blue  
As if some joke were leaking through.*

Basketball 2; Les Babillards 2, 3; Soccer Honor Team 2; Tennis 2; Witan 4.

**WILLIAM DREHER**

180 Windsor Road

*The bell would ring, and still  
He had not talked his fill.*

Bowling Team 3, 4.

**GEORGE DUNDON**

283 Sagamore Drive

*In a couple of years he'll explain Einstein's thesis**And he'll smash the atom into ten thousand pieces.*

Band 2; Executive Council 4; Inter-high Science Club 2, 3, 4; Memorial Scholarship Committee 3; Senior Council 2; Service League 4; Waiters' Corps 3, 4; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.

**STANLEY DURBIN**

87 Worcester Road

*More fun! More people killed!*

Band 2; Baseball Manager 4; Dime Dance Committee (Chairman) 4; News Staff 4; Pilot 2, 4; Senior Class Party Committee 4; Soccer Club 2, 3, 4; Swimming Manager 4; Witan 4.

**JOEL DYNEK**

498 Hudson Avenue

*"When I was a child, I spake as a child,  
When I became a man, I put away childish things."*

Washington, 3 years; Inter-high Science Club 2, 3, 4.

**JACK FIELDS**

81 Elmtree Road

*Where would we be, if Fields had not done his homework?*

Boys' Camera Club 3; Craig's Wife 2; Inter-high Science Club 3, 4; Julius Caesar 2; Memorial Scholarship Committee 4; Outward Bound 3; Rurban Club 4; Streets of New York 2; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4; Waiters' Corps 4; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.

**MARY FILIPPINI**

22 Fleming Street

*Persistence and strength of character enable her to do much.*

Inter-high Choir 4.

**SHIRLEY FISHBAUGH**

43 West Parkway

*She makes a gay path for her friends.*

Archery 4; Chi-Y 4; Service League 2; Witan 4.

**ANN FLEMING**

2824 Latta Road

*Quiet, blond, sincere and shy  
Ann is tops in everyone's eye.*

Julius Caesar 2; Pilot 3; Service League 2; Tennis 3; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4.

**BERNARD FRIDAY**

199 Chalford Road

*He's not a day of the week  
But a man of the hour.*

Band 2, 3, 4; Witan 4.

**LEONA GAGE**

123 Conrad Drive

*Rare is the charm in this modern age  
Like the beautiful blush of Leona Gage.*

Chi-Y 4; Co-op Committee 4; Dancing 3; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Optimates 3, 4; Pilot 3; Senior Finance Committee 4; Service League 3, 4; Table Tennis 3, 4; Tennis 4; Witan 4.

**PATRICIA GIBBS**

531 Latta Road

*She dares to be different!*

Choir 2, 3; Senior Class Party Committee 4; Soccer 3; Witan 4; Yankees in Spain 3.

*Blushing mad  
Patricia Gibbs  
she dares to be different!  
Choir 2, 3; Senior Class Party Committee 4; Soccer 3; Witan 4; Yankees in Spain 3.  
you apart Pat*

**DORIS GRISWOLD**

33 Holcomb Street

*Bang!*

Baseball 2; Basketball 2, 3; Candy Committee 4; Chi-Y 4; Co-op Committee 4; Memorial Scholarship Committee 4; Senior Finance Committee 4; Table Tennis 3; Visual Aid Corps 2; Witan 4.

**WARREN GRUNST**

26 Florenton Drive

*Photographer, athlete, playboy, and friend.*

Basketball Club 2; Boys' Camera Club 2, 3; Co-op Committee 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Pilot 4; Reserve Soccer 2, 3; Senior Council 4; Soccer 4; Swimming 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3; Volleyball 4; Witan 3, 4.

**WILLIAM GUTMAN**

3977 Lake Avenue

*"The man worth while is the one who will smile.**When everything goes dead wrong."*

Pilot 3, 4; Reserve Soccer 3; Service League 4; Soccer 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4.

**JOHN HANNAH**

524 Edgemere Drive

*"Victory, victory is our cry!"*

Baseball 4; Basketball 4; Cheerleader 3, 4; Executive Council 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Reserve Baseball 3; Reserve Soccer 3; Senior Council 4; Senior High School Party Committee 3; Service League 3; Volleyball Club 3.

**CAROLYN HANSEN**

70 Weston Road

*With a sense of humor,**A smile of cheer,**Never a lull**When Carolyn is near.*

Badminton 3; Bank Clerk 4; Baseball 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Leaders' Training Club 2; Senior Finance Committee 4; Service League 3, 4; Soccer 2; Tennis 4.

**BESSIE HARRIGAN**

4950 St. Paul Blvd.

*"I worked with patience, which means almost power."*

Badminton 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3; Basketball 2, 3; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 4; Junior Red Cross 4; Orchestra 2; Soccer 2, 3; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 2; Witan 4.

**JEAN HAUCK**

199 Conrad Drive

*If you know nothing,**And you know you know nothing,**Be wise enough to bluff.*

Baseball Honor Team 2, 3; Basketball Honor Team 2, 3, 4; Commercial Honor Society 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3; Service League 4; Witan 4.

**ROBERT HEDDITCH**

4245 Lake Avenue

*Beat me Dotty—eight to the bar.*

Basketball 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Reserve Soccer 2; Service League 2; Soccer 3, 4.

**MERLE HEDRICK**

4329 Lake Avenue

*Rodin's "Thinker" is quite outclassed For Merle's thoughts are deep and fast.*

Dancing Club 2; Inter-high Science Club 4; Senior Council 2, 3; Service League 2, 3, 4; Swimming Club 2; Wrestling Club 3.

**BETTY HENDERSON**

49 Meriden Street

*"Veni, vidi—vici."*

Bank Clerk 3, 4; Basketball 3; Candy Committee 4; Chi-Y 3, 4; Co-op Committee 4; Les Babillards 2, 3; Pilot 2, 3, 4; Rurban Club 4; Senior Council 4; Senior High School Party Committee (Chairman) 4; Service League 2, 4; Volleyball 3; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.

**ANNA MAY HILL**

22 Winans Street

*Cheerfulness and friendliness**Clothed in dependability.***EDSON HINELINE**

124 Wildmere Road

*Just like his camera—candid, ingenious and squat.*

Boys' Camera Club 2, 3; Co-op Committee 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Pilot 4; Reserve Soccer 2; Senior Council 3, 4; Service League 2, 3; Soccer 3, 4; Swimming 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Visual Aid Corps 2; Waiters' Corps 3, 4.

**ROBERT HOSLEY**

270 Burley Road

*"Yet once, I do believe that even you  
were young."*Bank Clerk 2; Pilot 4; Senior Council  
4; Swimming Club 2, 3; Visual Aid  
Corps 2, 3, 4; Witan 4; National  
Honor Society 4.**EDWARD HOWDEN**

99 West Parkway

*"Girls are all right in their places,  
but they never stay put."*Banking Committee 2, 3; Senior Council  
3; Service League 4; Visual Aid  
Corps 2, 3, (President) 4.**DENIS HOWE**

43 Brayton Road

*"Every lad who goes to sea  
Carries hopes and dreams, like me."*Archery Club 2; Dancing 2; Dime  
Dance Committee 4; Senior Class  
Party Committee 4; Service League 4.**ERNEST HOWELL**

59 Holcomb Street

*Charlotte's expert on finances  
And authority on romances.*Baseball 3; News Staff 3; Reserve  
Baseball 2; Senior Finance Committee  
4; Service League 2, 4; Soccer 4.**CATHERINE HOYSIC**

26 Hinch Street

*To like her better is to know her well.*  
Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Danc-  
ing 4; Leaders' Training Club 3; Soc-  
cer 2; Yankees in Spain 3.**JEAN HUGHES**

130 Cheltenham Road

*Willing and clever,  
Delightful to know.  
She'll find success  
Where e'er she may go.*Badminton 2, 3; Baseball 2; Chi-Y 4;  
Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3, 4;  
Senior Council 3, 4; Senior Finance  
Committee 4; Service League 3, 4;  
Table Tennis 2, 3, 4; Tennis 4; Witan  
4.**RICHARD HUGHES**

111 Sagamore Drive

*I guess I'm just a poet at heart.*Biology Club 2; Candy Committee 4;  
Inter-high Science Club 3, 4; Pilot  
4; Senior Council 2, 4; Senior High  
School Party Committee 4; Service  
League 4; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4;  
Waiters' Corps 4.**ALLEN JACKSON**

9 Bateau Terrace

*It is hard to keep the pace  
Set by speedy, sporty 'Ace'.*Archery Club 3, 4; Basketball 4; Re-  
serve Basketball 3; Service League 3;  
Volleyball Club 3, 4.**CARL JENSEN**

484 Birr Street

*Charlotte's own silent (?) little man.*Biology Club 3; Service League 4;  
Swimming Club 2; Witan 4.**MILDRED JOHNSON**

31 Valley Street

*Faithfully I work for all those who  
need me.*

Service League 3, 4.

**ARLINE KAUFMAN**

76 Estall Road

*"Kind tongue that never wounded."*Archery 4; Basketball 3, 4; Service  
League 4; Soccer 4; Table Tennis 4;  
Tennis 2, 3; Volleyball 4.**GENEVIEVE KAVANAUGH**

59 Pollard Avenue

*Well may the band shed a tear of re-  
gret,  
For here goes their dazzling drum  
majorette.*Bowling 2; Chi-Y 2, 3; Drum Ma-  
jorette 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4;  
Witan 4.



**EDNA KELSO**

222 Stonewood Avenue

*What's the good of putting things off?  
Strike while the iron's hot.*

Badminton 2, 3; Chi-Y 4; Dancing 2; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Junior Red Cross 4; Les Babillards 3; Memorial Scholarship Committee 3; Optimates 3, 4; Pilot 2; Rurban Club (President) 4; Senior Finance Committee 4; Service League 2, 4; Table Tennis 3, 4; Tennis 3, 4; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.

**ARLENE KIESOW**

1029 Bennington Drive

*I guess I was just born happy.*  
Biology Club 2; Dancing 2; Senior High School Party Committee 4.**SHELDON KOCH**

44 Cherry Road

*What? No change again?*

Band 2, 3, 4; Basketball Club 2, 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Reserve Soccer 2, 3; Streets of New York 3; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4; Volleyball Club 3, 4.

**RAYMOND KOEHLER**

60 Alpha Street

*You're very handsome, Raymond K.  
Perhaps you'll grace the screen someday.*

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball Club 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Reserve Baseball 2; Volleyball Club 2, 3; Wrestling 2.

**RICHARD LEWIS**

170 River Street

*Girls get permanents, why can't I?*

Band 2, 3; Inter-high Choir 4; Service League 3, 4; Volleyball Club 3; Witan 4; Yankees in Spain 3.

**DOLORES LOASBY**

42 St. John's Park

*"Tomorrow comes, and we are where?  
Then let us live today."***ROBERT LOHWATER**

4223 Lake Avenue

*None but himself can be his parallel.*  
Basketball 3, 4; Basketball Officials' Club 2, 3; Co-op Committee 2; Les Babillards 2, 3; Optimates 3, 4; Pilot 2, 3; Reserve Baseball 2, 3; Reserve Basketball 2; Soccer 3, 4; Waiters' Corps 4; Witan 2, 4; National Honor Society 4.**STANLEY MALMGREN**

78 Almay Road

*It's easy to see that shoulders like those  
Were meant to fit in football clothes.*  
Archery Club 2, 3; Basketball Club 3, 4; Biology Club 2; Football 3, 4; Inter-high Science Club 4; Wrestling Club 2, 3, 4.**GEORGE MARCILLE**

406 Windsor Road

*An ounce of mirth is worth a pound  
of sorrow.*

Archery Club 2; Biology Club 2; Service League 3.

**BRUCE MCBRIDE**

257 Haviland Park

*Shed a tear for films, projectors and  
slides,  
There goes the last of the V. A.  
McBrides.*

Hi-Y 3, 4; Reserve Basketball 3; Reserve Soccer 4; Service League 2; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4.

**WINIFRED McNEILL**

169 River Street

*Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.*

Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Commercial Honor Society 4; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; Girls' Camera Club 4; Service League 4; Soccer 2, 3; Table Tennis 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 2; Witan 4.

**DOLORES MOORE**

45 Wheeldon Drive

*"Oh, she is a maid of the daintiest  
mold;**Hair of sunshine, heart of gold."*

Co-ed Volleyball 4; Service League 4; Witan 4.



**JANET MOORE**  
45 Wheeldon Drive

*Janet is pretty, Janet is smart;  
Janet has broken many a heart.*

Co-ed Volleyball 3, 4; Les Babillards 2; Senior High School Party Committee 4; Table Tennis 2; Volleyball 3, 4.



**ROBERT MOREY**  
60 Wedgewood Park

*How much wiser to take action at once  
than to trust to uncertain times.*

Service League 2, 3, 4; Swimming Club 2; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4.



**ROSEMARY MORIARTY**  
105 Sheraton Drive

*"With lore that is only an April old  
Yet as old as the evening star."*

Archery 3; Biology Club 3; Les Babillards 4; Table Tennis 4; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.



**DOROTHY MOSLEY**

340 Stone Road

*"Full many a flower is born to blush  
unseen, and waste its sweetness on the  
desert air."*

Badminton 2, 3; ChAY 4; Girls' Camera Club 4; Dancing 4; Leaders' Training Club 3; Les Babillards 2, 3; Optimates 3, 4; Table Tennis 2, 4; Tennis 3, 4; Witan 4.



**BETTY MOYER**  
53 Wilder Terrace

*Silence is the element in which good  
things fasten themselves together.*

Badminton 4; Basketball 4; Commercial Honor Society 4; Executive Council 4; Girls' Camera Club 4; Service League 4; Table Tennis 3, 4; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.



**SHIRLEY NIETZ**  
55 Harding Road

*Grace was in all her steps, wisdom in  
her eye; in every gesture dignity and  
charm.*

Badminton 2; Les Babillards 2, 3; Optimates 4; Senior Class Party Committee 4; Service League 2, 3; Table Tennis 3, 4; Tennis 2; Witan 4.



**NORMA OCKENDEN**  
972 Thomas Avenue

*She's nice, even to a person who can't  
do her a favor.*

Badminton 3, 4; Basketball 4; Biology Club 2; Candy Committee 4; Junior Red Cross 4; Optimates 4; Tennis 4; Witan 4.



**JEANNE O'CONNOR**  
76 Britton Road

*A pert little Irish-eyed Kathleen Ma-  
vournin'  
She's always about in the halls of a  
mornin'.*

Basketball (Honor Team 2), 3; Dime Dance Committee 4; Chi-Y 3; Girls' Camera Club 2; Pilot 2, 3, (Editor) 4; Senior Council 4; Senior High School Party Committee 4; Service League 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Volleyball 2; Witan 4; Yankees in Spain 3.



**ROBERT O'CONNOR**  
88 Worchester Road

*"If it's sanity you're after,  
There's no recipe like laughter."*

Basketball 4; Basketball Officials' Club 2, 3; Cheerleader 4; Co-op Committee 4; Dime Dance Committee 4; Reserve Basketball 2, 3; Senior High School Party Committee 4; Streets of New York 2; Outward Bound 3.



**JOSEPH O'RORKE**  
17 Belford Drive

*The art of making speeches is useful  
in politics, but indispensable in love.*

Basketball Club 2, 4; Candy Committee 4; Co-op Committee 2, 3; Executive Council 3, (President) 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Memorial Scholarship Committee 2; Optimates 4; Outward Bound 3; Rurban Club 4; Senior Council 2, 3; Senior High School Party Committee 4; Soccer Club 2, 4; Swimming 2; Waiters' Corps 4; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.



**ELINOR OTTO**  
54 Leroy Street

*The merry twinkle in Elinor's eye  
Captivates each passer-by.*

Chi-Y 3; Senior High School Party Committee 3.



**FRANCIS PASQUALE**  
129 Brayton Road

*"I look to philosophy to provide an  
antidote for sorrow."*

Badminton Club 2; Basketball Club 3; Boys' Camera Club 2; Service League 2, 3, 4; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4; Volleyball Club 2.



**AUDREY PICKWORTH**

106 Conrad Drive

*"Push me on, detain me not, higher  
fame is yet to be got."*Archery 3; Basketball 4; Chi-Y 4;  
Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Red  
Cross Life Saving 3; Rurban Club 4;  
Senior Finance Committee 4; Service  
League 2, 3, 4; Swimming 3, 4;  
Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4; Witan 4.**BETTY PLACE**

279 River Street

*"It is what we think, and what we do,  
That makes us what we are."*Baseball 2; Les Babillards 2, 3; Op-  
timates 4; Soccer 2, 3.**BETTY POLAND**

91 Dorsey Road

*"Demure am I, but I have my fun!"*Archery 2, 3; Baseball 2; Basketball 2,  
3, 4; Junior Red Cross 4; Soccer 2.**KENNETH RAYMOND**

156 Janes Road

*"Oh! That my young life were a  
lasting dream."*

Wrestling Club 2.

**LAWRENCE REIDENBACH**

11 Leander Road

*"Wit sometimes enables us to act  
rudely with impunity."*Baseball Club 3, 4; Reserve Soccer 3;  
Senior Finance Committee 4; Service  
League 3; Volleyball 3, 4.**LOUISE REMSHIED**

70 Wheeldon Drive

*"A gentle heart is tied with an easy  
thread."*

Horticulture Club 3, 4; Witan 4.

**JEANNE RETTIG**

25 Elmtree Road

*"A face with gladness overspread,  
A phantom of delight,  
A past quite full of happiness,  
A future just as bright."*Badminton 2, 3, 4; Budget Committee 3;  
Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; Co-Op Committee 3;  
Craggs Wife 2; Executive Council  
(Secretary) 4; Les Babillards (Presi-  
dent) 2, 3; National Honor Society 3,  
4; Odd Jobs Bureau 4; Optimates 2,  
3, 4; Outward Bound 3; Pilot 3, 4;  
Senior High School Party Committee 4;  
Service League 2, 3, 4; Witan 4.**NICHOLAS RODAK**

15 Afton Street

*"The cheerful happy smile was made  
for happiness and peace."*

Archery Club 2.

**BETTY RUESTOW**

85 Pollard Avenue

*"Where did you get those eyes so blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through."*Bowling 4; Chi-Y 3, 4; Service League  
2, 3, 4; Witan 4.**EILEEN RYDER**

224 Willowbrook Road

*"Sometimes from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages."*Archery 3; Badminton 2, 3, 4; Biology  
Club 2; Chi-Y 4; Candy Committee 4;  
Girls' Camera Club 4; Inter-high  
Science Club 3, 4; Junior Red Cross  
4; Leaders' Training Club 3; Op-  
timates 3, 4; Service League 4; Table  
Tennis 2, 3; Tennis 3; Witan 4.**ELSIO SANGIACOMO**

42 Ellis Place

*"Many trifles make success, but success  
is no trifle."*

Football 3, 4.

**PHYLLIS SCHERER**

489 Lake Shore Boulevard

*"Give us the peace of those who strive,  
Tranquility that's tense and alive."*Badminton 3; Baseball (Honor Team  
2), 3; Basketball 2, (Honor Team) 3,  
4; Candy Committee (Chairman) 4;  
Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3, 4;  
Junior Red Cross 4; Optimates 4;  
Senior Council 3; Soccer 2, 3, 4;  
Tennis 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 2, 3; Witan  
4.



**JEAN SCHUMAKER**  
44 Kingsley Road

*Always happy, always gay,  
Glad to see her come our way.*  
Junior Red Cross 4; Senior High  
School Party Committee 4; Service  
League 2.

**JUNE SCHWARTZ**  
3351 Lake Avenue

*Franklin's loss was Charlotte's gain.*  
Benjamin Franklin, 1 year; Service  
League 4.

**MARION SHARTLE**  
162 Clayton Street

*With a smile for all,  
A frown for none,  
Her victory in life  
Is already half won.*  
Table Tennis 2.

**ISABELL SHEPPLER**  
69 Stonewood Avenue

*There's a gleam in her eye,  
A spring in her walk;  
Izzy is always ready to talk.*  
Archery 2; Baseball 2; Dancing 3;  
Girls' Athletic Association 2; Service  
League 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Volleyball  
3; Witan 4.

**DONALD SMITH**  
91 Castleford Road

*"Down, down with the fetters of fear,  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely!"*  
Julius Caesar 2; Service League 3.

**DONALD SPRATT**  
74 Harding Road

*I know what I want; but how do I  
get it?*  
Band 3, 4; Basketball Club 2, 3, 4;  
Les Babillards 2, 3; Optimates 3, 4;  
Rurban Club 4; Senior Finance Com-  
mittee 4; Soccer Club 2, 3; Track 3,  
4; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.



**NORMA SCHWAN**  
88 Conrad Drive

*When duty whispers low "thou must"  
this girl replies "I can!"*  
Budget Committee 4; Chi-Y 3, 4;  
Co-op Committee 3, (Chairman) 4;  
Co-op Promotion Committee 4; *Craig's  
Wife* 2; Executive Council 4; Inter-  
high Science Club 4; Junior Red Cross  
4; Leaders' Training Club 2; Memorial  
Scholarship Committee 2; Pilot 4;  
Senior Finance Committee 4; Senior  
Council 4; Service League 3, 4; Witan  
3, 4; National Honor Society 4.

**GRACE SEILER**  
91 Wilder Terrace

*Give a cheer for the junior who can  
step into the place,  
That is now left empty by our beauti-  
ful Grace.*  
Bank Clerk 3, 4; Banking Committee  
4; Basketball 3, 4; Bowling 4; Chi-Y  
4; Choir 3; Dancing 2, 3; Honor  
Bowling Team 4; *Julius Caesar* 2;  
Junior Red Cross 4; Leaders' Training  
Club 3; Pilot 4; Senior High School  
Party Committee 4; Service League 4;  
Volleyball 2, 3; Witan 4; *Yankees in  
Spain* 3.

**LILLIAN SHEA**  
397 Hampton Blvd.

*"Happiness is made to be shared."*

**CAROLYN SMITH**  
614 Beach Avenue

*Born with a silver logarithm rule in  
her mouth.*  
Archery 2; Baseball Honor Team 2, 3;  
Basketball 2, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic As-  
sociation 3, 4; Junior Red Cross 4;  
Les Babillards 2, 3; Soccer 2, (Honor  
Team) 3; Swimming 2; Volleyball 3.

**LEONARD SNELL**  
146 Almay Road

*"I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul."*  
Biology Club 3; Inter-high Prep Choir  
4; Senior Council 4; Service League  
3, 4.

**JEAN STEINEGGER**  
69 Upton Place

*With snap and with pep,  
A heartful of fun,  
Plus wisdom and wit,  
Of a hundred, she's one.*  
Baseball 2, (Honor team) 3; Basketball  
2, (Honor team) 3, 4; Chi-Y 4; Co-ed  
Table Tennis 4; Commercial Honor  
Society 4; Executive Council 4; Girls'  
Athletic Association 2, 3; *Outward  
Bound* 3; Service League 4; Soccer 2,  
(Honor team) 4; Witan 4; National  
Honor Society 4.

**ELSIE SUITS**

145 Wheeldon Drive

*Her congenial happy air is contagious.*

Bowling 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Honor Bowling Team 2, 4; Junior Red Cross 4; Service League 4; Witan 4.

**VERNA SUVERKROP**

224 Nahant Road

*O! how I hate dignity!**It's the dullest thing in the world.*

Baseball 3; Biology Club 2; Dancing 4; Leaders' Training Club 2; Senior High School Party Committee 4; Service League 4; Volleyball 2.

**LORRAINE TAMBLYN**

96 Lakeshire Road

*Dark brown hair, a serious mind,  
A prettier nurse you'll never find.*

Badminton 2, 3; Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; Craig's Wife 2; Les Babillards 2, 3; Memorial Scholarship Committee 3; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Outward Bound 3; Pilot 4; Senior Council 4; Senior High School Party Committee 4; Service League 2, 3, 4; Streets of New York 2; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.

**MARILYN TARNOW**

80 Wyndham Road

*"She's pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, and pleasant to think upon."*

Archery 3; Chi-Y 3, 4; Co-ed Table Tennis 4; Co-op Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3; (President) 4; Junior Red Cross 4; Les Babillards 3; Memorial Day Fund 3; Memorial Scholarship Committee (Chairman) 4; Optimates 4; Senior Council 4; Service League 2, 3, 4; Table Tennis 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, (Honor Team) 3; Witan 4; National Honor Society 4.

**LEO TIMMONS**

251 Hampton Blvd.

*"The will to do well is the next thing to having the power."*

Banking Committee 3; Service League 3; Wrestling Club 2.

**SUZANNE TODD**

33 Atwell Street

*"Once in a dream, I saw a MAN."*

Archery 3, 4; Badminton 4; Co-ed Table Tennis 4; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Optimates 4; Table Tennis 3, 4; Tennis 4; Witan 4.

**PETER VAN DER LIKE**

78 Orland Road

*Jest aside, let our aims be serious.*

Horticulture Club 2, 3, 4; Memorial Scholarship Committee 4; Senior Finance Committee 4; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4; Witan 4.

**TERESA TACHIN**

45 Fleming Street

*Mingle your cares with pleasure now  
and then.*

Service League 4.

**PHYLLIS TAMBLYN**

570 Washington Avenue

*"No one is useless in this world  
Who lightens the burdens of it for  
anyone else."*

Bowling 4; Service League 4.

**ALBERTA THOMPSON**

43 Cragg Road

*"The quiet mind is richer than a  
crown."*

Optimates 4; Table Tennis 2, 4.

**RUTH TISCHBEIN**

54 Wilder Terrace

*"Wisely careless, innocently gay."*

Banking Committee 4; Baseball 3; Dime Dance Committee 4; Junior Red Cross 4; Service League 4; Yankees in Spain 3.

**ROBERT TURCOTTE**

340 Forgham Road

*"Dreams make dull the pain of reality."*



EVELYN VAN ZILE

67 Surrey Road

*And when the virtues died they made  
her heir.*

Girls' Camera Club 4; Dancing 4;  
Optimates 4; Service League 4.



JEAN VERWEY

63 Stone Road

*"Dark Eyes."*

Badminton 3, 4; Banking Committee  
4; Commercial Honor Society 4;  
Dancing 2; Service League 4; Tennis  
4; Witan 4.

TERESA VITTORI

82 Pollard Avenue

*"Silence may do good, and can do  
little harm."*

Baseball Honor Team 3; Service  
League 4; Soccer Honor Team 2; Ten-  
nis 4; Volleyball 3, 4.



DONALD WEDEL

45 Stonewood Avenue

*Friends are my gold,  
Books are my silver.*

RUTH WEGNER

17 Anchor Terrace

*"Her bright smile haunts me still."*

Banking Committee 4; Bowling 4;  
Leaders' Training Club 3; Service  
League 3, 4; Table Tennis 2; Witan  
4; Yankees in Spain 3.



REID WEIDMAN

826 Bennington Drive

*The great pleasure in life is doing  
what people say you cannot do.*

Cross Country 3, 4; Les Babillards 2,  
3; National Honor Society 3, 4; Senior  
Council 4; Service League 2, 3, 4;  
Track 3, 4; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4.

DOUGLAS WHITE

45 Redfield Street

*A milestone in our happy road of  
progress.*

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball Club 2, 3, 4;  
Basketball Officials' Club 4; Horse-  
shoe Club 2, 3.



WILLIAM WILKINS

55 Alpha Street

*"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream."*

Basketball Club 4; Football 4; Horti-  
culture Club 2; Swimming Club 2;  
Volleyball Club 3.

ROBERT WILSON

90 Estall Road

*"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing."*

Service League 3, 4; Soccer Club 3, 4.



WALTER YOUNG

137 Keehl Street

*It isn't the school;*

*It's the principal of the thing.*

Reserve Soccer 3; Volleyball Club 3,  
4; Witan 4.

MARION YOUNGJOHN

617 Denise Road

*Oh, for the life of a millionaire's  
daughter!*

Banking Committee 3; Bowling 2;  
Senior High School Party Committee  
4; Service League 3.



DONALD ZIMMERMANN

258 Hampton Blvd.

*"Zest for adventure, sense of humor,  
What more could you ask in a man?"*

Boys' Camera Club 3, 4; Inter-high  
Science Club 3, 4; News Staff 4;  
Senior Council 4; Service League 4;  
Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4; Volleyball  
3; Witan 4.

JAMES ELY

57 Hannahs Terrace



*BUSINESS STAFF*



*ART STAFF*

## *THE SENIORS PRESENT*



## *THE 1941 WITAN*



*CENTRAL STAFF*

*PRINTERS*

*TYPISTS*



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# TWENTY YEARS AFTER

by JOHN M. BAIRD, *Prophet*

For the purpose of this story we must imagine ourselves projected forward headlong into the year 1961. Fundamentally, the old earth is the same as when we left. We are still living in a democracy of the people, by the people, and for the people. However, at this time, it is being threatened by external forces much as it was in 1941. We travel about by automobiles which can be converted into airplanes simply by flicking a lever. We live in homes which can be quickly, if not neatly, made to disappear underground simply by flicking a lever. (This seems to baffle the military experts of foreign nations.) We are able to control our environment by merely pushing buttons. Truly it has become the age of the armchair!

Our first close-up glimpse of life in 1961 is in a small log cabin way up in the wilds of Northern Canada. Here sits Professor George Dundon and his able assistant "Gadget" Zimmerman. They are poring over a huge, complicated machine in one corner of the room. There are wires and batteries heaped up all over the room in a sort of orderly confusion so characteristic of scientific apparatus. A frown creases the broad brow of Professor Dundon as he speaks.

"I'm stumped, Gadget. According to my calculations we should at least be getting a hum out of this blasted device."

"Perhaps our theories are illogical," creaks Gadget.

"Impossible," storms Professor Dundon, "As it stands now, our Audioionictelceiver is as perfect as skillful work and patience can make it, and you know it. Lord knows I've taught you enough about the structure of the machine."

Gadget is left speechless. He ponders for a moment and then picks up a pair of pearl-handled pliers and slowly inspects the instrument with the air of profound helpfulness. Suddenly his experienced eye widens. He jumps up quickly, shouting:

"I've found the trouble! I've found the trouble!"

"What trouble?" groans Dundon, irritated at being disturbed from the coma into which he sinks in order to be alone.

"Why the trouble with our Audioionictelceiver," smiles Gadget. "Here it is. We forgot to plug it in."

"Well do so, do so at once," orders Dundon. "We are wasting valuable time."

Gadget plugs in the machine and immediately the room is filled with a low, reverberating, rumble of high tension current. A dim light begins to appear upon the television screen. He grins

with elation and relinquishes his seat to Gadget Zimmerman who eagerly awaits his orders.

"Set it for 30 degrees N. latitude and 90 degrees W. longitude and we'll see if we can pick up the Louisiana World's Fair at New Orleans."

Gadget makes the necessary adjustments and the dim light on the screen evolves itself into a beautiful Spanish landscape. A wide river flows out of the scene at the left and Dundon says:

"Whoa, Gadget. We're a little north of our objective."

Once again Gadget makes a minor adjustment and onto the screen swims the city of New Orleans, the gateway to the Gulf, the garden spot of America. Far in the distance is seen the huge shapely, woman's leg adorned by an equally huge and shapely stocking. Gadget turns to his chief and says:

"There you are professor. Right on the nose. That is the celebrated Nylon, the theme of the Louisiana Exposition. We didn't do badly in our first attempt at tuning the Audioionictelceiver."

"Hmmm, no, it wasn't too badly done, Gadget. Suppose we attempt to focus a bit closer to the fair grounds and see if we can enjoy it from here."

The huge machine is again adjusted minutely by Zimmerman and slowly the scene changes on the screen until the Main Street on the midway in the amusement area comes into view. Here are people from all walks of life and from all parts of the world, crowded together like sardines and yet they are enjoying every moment. A gaudy sight-seeing bus comes into the picture with none other than Bill Gutman at the wheel. Farther back in the bus stands the perspiring Jim Billings who is describing the wonders of the fair to the unimpressed crowd. The bus drives out of the picture.

Our attention is next attracted to a popular display in front of a shooting gallery run by Herb Brindley. His customers shoot little dotted cubes of ivory for whatever he offers to bet. Herb always had both an eye and a pocket for money.

By ingenious manipulation, Zimmerman manages to keep the machine moving slowly so as to follow the crowd down the midway. On every side are barkers calling forth the highlights of their respective (if not respectable) shows. Here is Walt Young at the door of the "Little Egypt" show. He too is perspiring but not because of the temperature. Officer Bob Morey is standing near



him just keeping his eye on the proceedings.

As we swing our attention to other parts of the fair our screen catches the announcement of stunt driving and flying exhibition now in progress over near the central court. We follow the crowd and are soon viewing an impressive display of Grunst Autoplanes. These unique vehicles will not only fly, but they may be driven over roads like the old fashioned automobiles of 1941. Grunst is having his difficulties in convincing the public that the vehicles are practical. He is now driving across the court to show the roadability of his invention. Evidently he has pressed the lever which controls the wings, for two flaps are unfolding from the roof of the vehicle. Now the propeller is set into place and Grunst guns the motor. Up goes the Autoplane to the utter amazement of the crowd, and Grunst proceeds to show off by stunting his machine. Abruptly the engine sputters and stalls. The machine leisurely spins toward the earth while Grunst bails out in his parachute and is gently wafted out of the picture by the caressing breeze off the Gulf of Mexico.

"Set the controls for 33 degrees N. latitude and 118 degrees W. longitude," orders Professor Dundon. "Let's see what we can find in Hollywood."

There is an interval in which nothing is discernible on the screen while Zimmerman adjusts the proper dials. Then, slowly the picture forms again upon the screen. It is clearly seen that it is raining in California, but here comes Dolores Moore, the noted actress.

She is gently singing a current song hit written by Eighth Note Durbin. With her is her pedigreed Panda, sent to her by an ardent admirer, George Baker, who makes a hobby of breeding Pandas in the mountains of Tibet. On the opposite side of the street are those beautiful dancers, Valerie Benson, Grace Seiler and Marion Youngjohn gaily tripping to the studio where they will proceed to spend the day in the privacy of their dressing rooms—asleep. Their boss, Denis Howe, must not be aware of their work habits or he never would pay them ten thousand a month.

As the scene changes, the television screen focuses upon a huge streamlined ocean liner somewhere in the Pacific. Zimmerman jiggles the control knobs with his elbow and we pick up the boat by accident. At any rate, we can see the captain, Richard Bowllan, and his first mate, George Boyd, earnestly bending over the table in the chartroom, on which is situated a small radio set. They are listening to the Washington Red Sox and the Green Boy Packers fight it out for the National Pro-Football Championship. Koehler, of the Green Boy Packers, has just scored again and the teams are lined up for

the try for the extra point. Koch is ready to receive the ball and Bill Wilkins is going to kick. The ball is snapped from the center and the kick is good! The final score of the game, Washington Red Sox 7, Green Boy Packers 42. Malmgren was hurt during the half, but is reported as out of danger.

Zimmerman changes the right hand dial and we are now viewing the promenade deck. Several couples are sitting in the comfortable deck chairs designed by Madame Gibbs, that foremost woman interior and exterior decorator. Ed Hineline is calmly surveying his bride whom he met last week while in Shanghai. He was going to join a monastery because he had been disappointed in love, but she convinced him that redheads are good medicine for sore and wounded hearts and they were married.

We follow the crowd into the salon where Chet Couch and his all-girl orchestra are playing for the dinner hour. Genevieve Kavanaugh and Bessie Harrigan are the stellar attractions, while Ruth Wegner, Evelyn Van Zile, Arline Kaufman, Louise Remschied and Teresa Tachin form the rest of the harmony. Attractive waitresses are in abundance, however, the limited area of the screen makes it impossible to see them all, but a few of them are: Jean Verwey, Betty Moyer, Ruth Tischbein, and Shirley Bedford. These girls are busily engaged in making it pleasant for the passengers on board the ship. Several are assigned to be carefully attentive to the radiantly beautiful millionaire widow of John Baird, who has always experienced the best possible service while traveling. She has several admirers on the passenger list but as yet she is content to live on her share of the estate of her late husband.

"Well, Gadget, we have conclusive proof that the Audioionicteleceiver can be tuned to any part of the globe. Now how about a little free lance twirling of those dials and let's see what we can pick up in the way of history in the making?" suggests Professor Dundon.

Gadget slowly spins his controls and manages to keep his eye on the screen so as not to escape any important event. The whole is spread out in a panorama. We can distinguish familiar objects as they flit past us on the screen. We notice the Washington Monument.

"Hold it, Gadget," chirps Dundon. "Let's have a look in at the White House and see what the president is doing these days."

Gadget spins the left knob and we recognize the front of the historic executive mansion. A special government limousine is slowly driving up to the door. It stops, and the first lady of the land steps out. Elizabeth, in person. She graciously directs the chauffeur, Bernard Friday, to unload the bundles, and trips quickly up the steps. Friday staggers after her with his arms

(and mouth) full of the next week's provisions.

We follow them into the house where we find the president, Joseph O'Rourke standing knee-deep in the affairs of state. The first lady sees him too and says:

"Joe, if you don't quit these foolish affairs I'll divorce you."

"Try it," storms Joe. "The way I boss Congress, I can pass a no divorce bill anytime."

The doorman interrupts what promised to be a good clean fight with the announcement that the members of the cabinet are awaiting the President. Joe stalks into the gunmetal blue room (it has faded since 1941) and faces his executive duties.

"O. K. Hannah, you deal."

Jack, the Secretary of State skillfully and somewhat underhandedly deals and then awaits the first hand. Warren Childs, the Secretary of Agriculture, holds a royal flush so the Treasury Department is turned over to him, and the meet-

ing continues. Reid Weidman, the Secretary of the Navy demands an extension of his note for fifty war canoes for Dije Island Navy. He claims that neither he, nor his subordinates can raise the necessary cash. The President refers him to Warren Childs who is now responsible for such matters and the subject is dropped. Harold Dennis, Secretary of War, makes the motion for adjournment which is promptly seconded by Leona Gage, the red-headed Secretary of Labor. The cabinet meeting adjourns and peace descends upon Washington.

Zimmerman moves his controls this time until he has the machine focused upon Berlin. A parade is in progress, led by that dashing military hero who leads the ignorant masses. Lawrence Reidenbach. Everyone is giving him the Nutzy two-fingered salute. His people simply go wild at his appearance because it was he, along with his right-hand man, Merle Hedrick, who man-

Continued on page 58



# "WE DO BEQUEATH"

By CHESTER COUCH, Testator

We, the June Class of 1941 of Charlotte High School, of the City of Rochester, County of Monroe, and State of New York, being of sound mind and body, do hereby declare and publish this, our last Will and Testament:

1. The sincere best wishes of the Class we leave to Mr. Allen, with his good-natured "Hello", and ever-cheerful smile.
2. To Joe Kinsella we bequeath the basketball prowess of Clinton Byrnes, Ace of Green and White Courtmen this season.
3. Sheldon Koch's Model A, we leave to the British Navy to be utilized as scrap iron in the construction of future battleships.
4. To Miss Doehler—a coupon, which with a thin dime or reasonable facsimile, will entitle the bearer to a first-class permanent wave.
5. Bob Cranshaw leaves his little red book, "Notes on Nurses" or "My Success as a Cut-up", to anyone contemplating hospitalization.
6. To Coach Ray Seidel—a custom-built station wagon seating at least ten wistful women.
7. To the "Fang Gang"—a carton of "weeds" and a pocketful of nickels.
8. The pleasing personality and animation of Shirley Fishbaugh, we leave to Barbara Wells.
9. George Boyd's superior soccer skills go to that burly booter, Phil Piatt.
10. To the girl cheer leaders—a five-cent box of cough drops for the relief of hoarse and husky vocal chords.
11. Bob Lohwater's one and only publication (we hope), "1000 Old Jokes", we leave to any lovers of those corny puns.
12. To Dickie Burt, we leave the pleasing plumpness of Dick Bowllan, our Class President.
13. Stanley Durbin's wild antics (known amongst some as dancing) go, of course, to Jack Maier.
14. The "wolfing" technique of Warren Grunst, we leave to Jack Hill—future leader of the pack.
15. Bob Hosley's incessant line of chatter goes to any healthy individual who can take it.
16. To the Visual Aid Corps—our hopes for a new set of slides to be used for Community Singing.
17. The superb wit and humor of our one and only John Baird, we bequeath to Bob Barager.

18. To Mrs. Ward—the hope that next year's senior English class will disclose at least one intellect.
19. The baton-twirling skill of Genevieve Kavanaugh, the "Leader of the Band", we leave to Shirley Gray.
20. Eleanor Otto's "come hither" glances and love for the opposite sex, we leave to Mary Jane Hendershot.
21. Edson Hineline leaves his aquatic tendencies to Arthur "Neptune" Rasch.
22. George "Smiley" Bird bequeathes his molar to molar smile to Paul Schmidt.
23. Jack O'Rorke leaves his political experience, oratical genius, and popularity with the student body, to the next Students' Association president.
24. To all the senior homeroom teachers—homerooms of students who will just sit, and sit quietly, listening to announcements.

We hereby appoint Miss Sharer and Mr. Bennett the executors of this, our Last Will and Testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we hereunto subscribe our names at Rochester, New York, the fifteenth day of May in the year One thousand nine hundred and forty-one.

JUNE CLASS OF 1941 OF CHARLOTTE HIGH SCHOOL

Chester Couch, *Testator*

WITNESSES: Richard Bowllan, *President*  
Robert Cranshaw, *Vice-President*





Literature







## THE LAST OF THE WORMSGROVIANS

Wormsgrove is situated twenty miles southeast of Hickville Center, North Dakota. There's one thing about Wormsgrove that is different from all other typical country towns. The town has a complete all cast-iron pipe sewer system. This really doesn't have very much to do with the story so let's forget about it.

Judge Dobson, who isn't really a judge, is leader of the First Episcopal Church of Wormsgrove. The only other religion that is practiced in public in the town is at the Protestant Church. A fellow by the name of Maxwell McKernish, D.D., is the Minister. Maxwell McKernish, D.D. (called Mac Kernish for short), is a rabid Protestant and Judge Dobson is also a very faithful follower of his church. These men are what you might call "bosom pals". Just about the only time you could ever find those two fellows in different places at the same time, is Sunday morning between seven and ten (those are their office hours). Both these men would undoubtedly be fellow presidents of the "Land of the Free" were it not for one tiny factor. Only too often these friends-for-life get polluted with intoxicating beverages. On one such sad night, Messrs. Dobson and McKernish were, without question, completely lacquered. It wasn't long before a disagreement led to an argument and the argument led into physical factors. Judge Dobson applied a good old "one two punch" to the solar plexus of said Minister, and said Minister considerably loosened up the grinders in MacKernish's lower jaw. Even with all this going on any one with at least half a grain of salt could see that they were hurting their own hands more than they were hurting each other. Well worst came to worst, and the furniture was in the way so they used that. Judge Dobson, who always thought his chairs were about the most comfortable in town, found out what it was to have one broken over his head. Nothing to say of the number of broken lamps that he threw back at McKernish!

When the Reverend Maxwell McKernish, D.D., left (or colloquially speaking, was kicked out of), the Judge's home, he was badly in need of good first-aid treatment. Judge Dobson was by no means so completely incapacitated as the minister, but his house had suffered in his stead. A week later when a bill for the repair of the Judge's house arrived at the Reverend's home, he turned blue with violence.

In his Sunday sermon the Minister delivered a scathing speech on the wickedness of untrue friends, ending it with a warning to the congregation that they must keep close together, so that they might fight this monster, Vice, united.

It is not necessary to say what the minister

said in his sermon. In several days the leaders had worked their congregations into such a state that one member wouldn't walk on the same sidewalk with another. Plots and counter-plots were formed to burn down the competitive churches, to wipe out each congregation.

The next Sunday was to be Holy Communion in both churches. On the Sabbath day both meeting houses were packed in expectation of a great and furious speech by their respective leaders. The blessed wine was partaken of in both churches, the speeches were made and the people went home. During that night a stupendous calamity over-took the entire population. Monday morning saw only two live souls in Wormsgrove, Judge Dobson and Minister Maxwell McKernish, D.D. When these two august gentlemen found out how complete their blitzkrieg had been, they were horrified. Tuesday morning saw the Minister and the Judge the best of friends again.

R. WIGHTMAN, 11.

## A NOISE IN THE NIGHT

It was about two in the morning when I was awakened by a noise in my room. I had retired after reading for several hours in preparation for my university examination. Gray's "Anatomy" was left open on my table just in front of the skull I had been studying. I sat up in bed and called out, but nobody was there. As I listened, the noise began again. I got up and searched the room; I opened the door but could find no reason for the noise which once again had stopped. I waited a minute, then again there was the thud-like noise coming from the direction of the table. It was the skull! As I gazed almost transfixed—I saw it moving towards me with a fateful look in those eye-sockets, gnashing its teeth, clenching its jaws, and nodding its head! It was coming to devour me. A cry . . . and I fainted!

A little later I woke up and found my roommate, Bill, holding me and asking what had happened. I pointed to the skull. It was still there on the table, but now quite motionless. Bill looked, and as he did so the skull began to move again. For a moment Bill stared with bulging eyes; then, with a sudden rush to the door, he called to the other boys in the fraternity house to come quietly. Armed with paddles, they came rushing into my room. Upon learning the cause of my fright, they moved cautiously toward the skull, now quite motionless; but a second or two later it moved again!

For a moment they paused, then, with a sudden rush forward, they struck the skull with their paddles, breaking it to pieces. There, lying in a heap of bone fragments, was a dead mouse!

STUART FOSTER, 11.

## DINING OUT TONIGHT

Haddon Hall, Atlantic City,  
From their menu comes this ditty:

Wondrous foods and drinks galore,  
But choosing them is quite a chore.

A linguist would be quite a help,  
In getting parsley 'stead of kelp.

Crusted rolls are nice to eat,  
But never when one must be neat.

Waiters swarm from everywhere  
To take your dimes and hold your chair.

Manners are to me confusing;  
I never know which fork I'm using.

The waiters swarm back for their tips  
When they see you wipe your lips.

When you finally waded through all,  
You'll find you never ate at all!

I'd rather eat in my own home  
Without the swank and shiny chrome.

RICHARD HUGHES.

## A LIGHT . . . alas!

People—little people, crawling, burrowing in tunnels, caves, and underground far into the earth and away from the sun: what a strange sight to be seen! The outwardly stolid old mountain had viewed much of civilization passing by his very feet, but never before had he seen this.

Tiny figures had one day surmounted the pine-studded hills far below him, had progressed into the valley by the lake, and had erected a rustic camp that had gradually grown from a small mining hamlet to a thriving town in this colorful mountain setting. It was not far from many other towns that had also grown swiftly.

But now the inhabitants no longer went to sleep at sunset and awakened in the fresh morning hour of the sunrise. Indeed, dots and rows of tiny shining objects that were visible at night told this story.

Fireflies had often been seen at dusk in the damp moss-covered crags on the mountain side, but surely these were far more powerful than fireflies!

Yes, even the tall, slender, glass-chimneyed oil lamp with glowing mantle that had once been acclaimed revolutionary to the mode of living, had now disappeared. Electricity had come!

Round globes of glass that glistened and gave forth a dazzling light lined the streets of the now prosperous town at the foot of the venerable landmark.

But years passed and the old mountain looked on wonderingly. Few changes took place on his mighty sides, and they were slow and unnoticed by the hurried town-folk below. Schools, stores, and modern homes now lined the streets. At night, a glow that was visible for miles reflected into the sky. What a blessed discovery lighting had been! New "fluorescent" lighting equipment that even resembled daylight had been invented. All new factories and schools being equipped with these! Now people slept late into the day, missing the inspiring sight of the sunrise sparkling through the fresh mountain mist. But to compensate for this they worked, studied, and played long into the hours of darkness when the world lay in slumber, save in the cities of light!

Perhaps it was due to loneliness, because not many now ascended his rugged slopes, but a barely audible sigh emitting from the wind-swept pines of the mountain summit seemed to say: "Foolish little folk! Why do they no longer seek the fresh air, bright sunlight, and thrilling panorama of scenery viewed from my crown?"

People—little people, crawling, burrowing in tunnels, caves, and underground far into the earth and away from the sun: . . .

RICHARD CARTER, 11.

## SECURITY

Dear Lord, if I can only keep  
My dream untarnished through the years,  
I shall not mind the pain, the tears,  
The ransom of eternal sleep.

If, when the night draws close to me  
Unchanged is the sky's dear blue,  
And men have still that hope in you,  
Unfrightened then, my heart will be.

ROSEMARY MORIARTY.

## UP-STAIRS?

Last week I had occasion to visit the Public Library, I sat down at a table on the ground floor, and began looking at "Life Magazine". It was a particularly fine issue, and I was enjoying it immensely, when a dark, stupid-looking man rudely interrupted me.

"How do I get up-stairs?" he asked. This question caught me somewhat unawares. My



mind began to function. The usual procedure of climbing stairs is to place one foot upon the first step with the knee bent; then straighten out the leg, throwing the body forward. You repeat this process, using first one leg, then the other, until you reach the top. However, I had no way of knowing whether the queer character affronting me employed this process. Perhaps he used a peculiar hopping style, or perhaps he skipped up the stairs. I was rapidly becoming confused. How did this blackguard expect me to know how he got up-stairs?

The man seemed to grow impatient. "Well, do you know how to get up-stairs or not?" he shouted.

This was a different matter. Of course, I knew how to get up-stairs. I have been climbing stairs all my life, and I should know how it is done by now. However, I resented his questioning of my ability to climb stairs. I remained silent, contemplating a counter-move.

"Well, if you can't tell me how to get up-stairs, why don't you say so?" shrieked the man. Then with a string of oaths, he turned on his heel and stalked away.

I returned to my "Life Magazine". Calm reigned once more in the library.

ROBERT JESSUP, 11.

## ... WITH FRENCH DRESSING!

Father is indeed an Epicurean, in the modern sense of the word. But not being a wealthy man, he confines his passion for new and rare foods to whatever he sees at the market that he is quite sure of never having had before.

This was the case one Saturday morning when, going to the market for the weekend shopping, he espied a small, cabbage-shaped head of curly leaves.

"My," thought he, "I surely must try this at once!"

However, not knowing what it was, and not wishing to confess his ignorance to the grocer, he off-handedly purchased it, finished his shopping, and hurried home.

"What on earth is this?!" asked mother.

"Why, er—a . . . that is—why, I thought that you would know what it is. It ought to be good; it cost enough!"

"Well," said mother, now resigned but rather disgusted, "do I boil it or do we eat it like lettuce?"

Father thought for a while and suddenly recollected having seen this herb on a salad plate while eating at a hotel last summer. He thought that perhaps it was endive.

A lively discussion followed. Soon mother, father, sister, and brother were involved.

Finally it occurred to someone that the dictionary might be consulted. Result: a vague and misleading answer proving that if the leaves were white—the vegetable would be endive. But the leaves were green! Father would not submit, so the Encyclopedia was consulted, but with no better luck.

"Why, of course," said sister, "the 'Ouija Board,' why didn't we think of it before?"

You see, it was the custom of the family to refer serious problems and decisions to the "Ouija Board." Thus we had always received the weather reports courtesy of that instrument. It was immediately produced from behind the piano and father, being most concerned, and sister placed their fingers lightly on the small, flat-iron shaped table. Slowly, at first, then faster it moved, pointing first to "Y", to "E" and then to "S". YES . . . But there it stopped! How futile this attempt was. We had now tried three methods; would everything fail we wondered?

Then brother, who had taught botany for three years at various scout camps, was consulted and earnestly began to search such ponderous volumes as Gray's "New Manual of Botany" and Bergen's "Element of Botany"

At last all was solved! No longer was it a mystery! Brother, after several hours of cross-indexing many text books, came upon the proper identification. Proudly he appeared before the family saying, in a superior manner, that father had simply purchased a rather mediocre specimen of "Cichorium Endivia"!

This brought peculiar expressions from the various members of the family. They looked at one another with astonishment and then at brother. Being now in an oblivion of technical terms, brother would say no more.

At least this was some relief, for the family now knew (?) what it was. But had this helped them very much? Perhaps, for when the evening mealtime finally came, we were served, on the fancy guest plates, just before the main course—Cichorium endivia . . . with French dressing!

JOHN CROSMAN, 11.

## SILENCE

An ancient adage states: "Speech is silver; silence is golden." In other words, while it is fine to possess the "gift of gab", it is better to remain silent.

The advantages of keeping silent are numerous. One may be suspected of great intelligence if one remains silent at the proper time. One may also keep out of trouble by being silent, for nothing is more exasperating than a person trying to talk on a subject of which he knows very little.

However, the greatest advantage of silence is its ease of execution. What is easier than re-



maining silent? Of course, some people are not satisfied unless they are talking, but these are the energetic type and must be dismissed from this essay.

In school, a vast number of students indulge in remaining silent in classes, hoping that perhaps the teacher will think them intelligent. The teachers for some reason, refuse to cooperate. They insist on asking endless streams of questions in attempts to break the golden silence. This irks the sensitive, silent type, causing him to become more silent.

He may even become silent on his written papers. This is a dangerous stage since it often results in an "E" being placed on the student's report card. If the student is a true philosopher, he will take the "E" with a smile, and go silently on his way.

ROBERT JESSUP, 11.

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### THE FIRE'S PAINTING

Glowing embers of apple wood  
Flicker with ruby light;  
Encased in wreathes of gray,  
That drift toward the night.

Magic castles of molten gold  
Rise with intent desire;  
Turret on towering turret,  
Spire on flaming spire.

Soft is the light on the shadowy walls;  
Mellow, the mother's face.  
Nodding, the children's little heads,  
As they watch the fire's mad pace.

AUDREY McKISSICK, 9.

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### ASLEEP IN THE DEEP

I walked into the house and tossed my coat and books in the general direction of the chair by the register. Then I proceeded to flop on the couch. To my amazement, I landed on a silly table with crooked legs. I stood in the middle of the room rubbing a bruised elbow and bristling with indignation.

Slowly the situation dawned upon me. Mother had bought another antique and had changed the room to accommodate it. A lecture began to take shape back in the inward portion of what I was pleased to call my mind. She couldn't do this to me! Or could she?

I ambled out to the kitchen and stopped in my tracks. Tears welled up in my eyes. If I had possessed a tail, it would have been between my legs. This room of rooms was entirely rearranged.

What had I done to deserve this? I looked around and soon my eyes lighted upon a friendly object. Ah! All was not lost, for who knows what may lurk in the corners of the lowly bread box?

I was just sinking my teeth into a piece of luscious chocolate fudge cake when out of nowhere came, "Why hello, Addie! Do you like my cake?" I stopped at the sound of the familiar voice, and suddenly realized what had happened. I had entered the house next door!

ADELINE BATSON, 11.

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### THE RIVER

I like to go down to the river,  
And watch the ships go by;  
The great, white ships  
With tall black masts  
That seem to scrape the sky.

I like to watch the cruisers  
With people pleasure bent,  
And the dirty cross-lake steamers  
With sooty colored vent.  
It is my favorite pastime,  
I go there every day  
To watch the ships come in  
And dock; set sail—  
And go away.

WILLARD BURT, 11.

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### FROM THE DIARY OF AJAX WHITCOMB

Before looking into the diary of Ajax Whitcomb, I should like to tell you one fact which has direct bearing upon any queer incidents recorded in this document. The fact is that Ajax Whitcomb is a ghost! For those persons inclined to think of ghosts as dead, Mr. Whitcomb has kindly consented to the publication of these various excerpts from his diary.

*On May 3rd:* I, Ajax P. D. Q. Whitcomb, was elected Lord High Picker Upper of dirty old bones. Upon receiving this high honour, I was also made the recipient of a beautiful bronze medal and a green wheel barrow. I shall cherish both for ages.

*May 4th:* This morning while walking down the street, I collided with a beautiful ghost girl. Her telephone number is Shroud Booo.

*May 6th:* Yesterday uneventful, but today made up for it. A group of fellows with whom I haunt, have planned a most delightful party on the 18th of this month. Each fellow is planning to invite a young lady.

*May 7th:* I called Shroud Booo but she hung up on me. O well! If at first you don't succeed try again.

*May 8th:* I tried again—She is going to accompany me to the party. O Happy Day!!!

*May 10th:* I had a very busy day picking up old bones. Also I have discovered a new breakfast food. It is called Toast Ghosties.

*May 11th:* Shroud Booo is in reality Miss Petunia Marigold Van Slink. Isn't that a lovely name. Gosh!

*May 13th:* I can hardly wait for the party.

*May 14th:* This is my red letter month I guess. Today I was invited to join the I. H. U. (International Haunting Union). Of course I shall accept. The 18th is getting closer! Oh Boy!!

*May 15th:* Today I was introduced to Sir Barnaby Rattlebones, a distinguished British ghost. He invited me to dinner. We had toasted spiders sans spinach.

*May 16th:* This midnight I lunched at the White Link with Macabre McCreaky, a comparatively new ghost. (He's only 239 years old! EEmagine!)

*May 17th:* A good day for picking up old bones. I paid \$100 just for a new emerald green shroud to wear to the party tomorrow night. It looks very well with my medal.

*May 18th:* At last it's here! Miss Van Slink looked lovely. The party started at 12. Macabre McCreaky took Miss Van Slink away from me with his smooth manners. She went home with him, too! Shucks.

*May 19th:* I just sat and thought today.

*May 20th:* A good day for picking up old bones but my heart wasn't in it!

*May 22nd:* Today I enrolled for a charm course at the University of Politics, Politeness, and Pilfering. I saw the most beautiful ghost girl there. I think I shall like it.

*May 23rd:* O Hot Dog! She's in most of my classes! I like the school very much.

*May 24th:* Nobody seems to have lost any bones for quite some time. Today I hardly picked up enough to bother shining my medal.

*May 25th:* No bones again!

*May 26th:* Oh dear! I broke my shoelacing. The girl's name is Hepzibah Pilkington. We are going to be great friends.

*May 27th:* The ghosts are beginning to have more respect for my position. I found quite a few bones today.

*May 28th:* I was so busy I didn't have time to go to school.

*May 29th:* I think I'll sleep all night tonight. The haunting has been very dull lately.

*May 30th:* Today I dined at the White Link again with Sir Barnaby.

PAT GIBBS.

## GLORIOUS GLOOM

Four of my chums and I had all our plans made to go into the woods on the morrow to get some flowers for our woods garden. Our clothes were all laid out so we wouldn't waste any time getting started. All we needed to make the day a successful one was sunshine and plenty of flowers.

We went to bed early so we would be sure to awaken at six o'clock the next morning without any trouble. My dreams were full of flowers and stately trees. In the midst of them the sharp tingle of my alarm clock made me jump to the window to take a look at the weather. Did I see sunshine? No! The world was just a mass of gloom. The trees were dripping with rain and everything looked as though it would soon be worn away if the torrents did not cease. I crawled back into bed, depressed with the outcome of my hopes, and wondered what I would do to pass the day.

I awakened once more at nine o'clock to find that the rain had died down to an especially gloomy drizzle. After much telephoning the planned party was postponed and I set to the dreary task of cleaning dresser drawers. I was about finished with the first one when I was called to the telephone. In answer to my "hello", a merry voice informed me: "This is a glorious day for fishing. Do you want to go?" Glancing out of the window at the weather, I wondered somewhat at the request, when I remembered that my Uncle Dave had always loved fishing, especially in the rain. My answer, of course, was: "Surely, Uncle Dave, when shall we leave?" He said he would be over in fifteen minutes, which did not leave me much time to get ready. I raced upstairs to my room and upset my freshly-cleaned drawers in an effort to find suitable clothes. It was not long before I was ready and after persuading my sister to drive us to the creek, my Uncle and I prepared our bait.

I got a firm foothold and cast my line outward. I had been waiting for only about three minutes when I felt a sharp tug on my rod. My spirits soared upward and I started reeling in. As I was doing so, all kinds of thoughts went through my head. I thought it must be a big one because my line was hard to bring in. I struggled awhile thinking of what a story I would have to tell. Finally, my uncle came over to help. As soon as he started to pull, he burst into laughter. "I'm afraid you've caught a snag," he said, still chuckling. I groaned, thinking that now the story would be told by my Uncle rather than by me. Still laughing, he untangled my line and cast out for me.

This time, I sat for at least half an hour watching my Uncle bring in fish after fish. I was beginning to lose hope when my line jerked for-

ward and, hoping it was not another snag, I frantically reeled in. I had quite a time, but with my Uncle's help, the fish was brought in.

I was well rewarded for my previous disappointment just by looking at my huge bass.

By this time, my Uncle and I were both pretty well soaked, so we started homeward. On the way, I thought to myself that "even if you had planned something the weather wouldn't permit, you can always find something to do and have fun doing it".

SUE PHILLIPS, 7A.

## OSCAR McCALL

Have I told the story of Oscar McCall,  
The great engineer who weren't there at all?  
And how with the aid of his wandering mind,  
Constructed queer things for the good of mankind?  
About the fine road he made 'cross the land,  
Which finally ended right where it began?  
The house that he started, twelve feet from the ground;  
First building the roof, and then working down?  
The tunnel he built through Old Mount Kay,  
Which began at the top and went the wrong way?  
How he built a ship that was high on dry ground?  
How mad he became when no lake could be found?  
And how his life ended, while at Piney Ridge,  
As he ventured to cross his most recent bridge?  
Oh, death was cruel to Oscar McCall,  
For the bridge like his brain, just weren't there at all!

—WILLARD BURT, 11.

## THE POT OF GOLD

Once there was a little boy, Bobby. He was sitting in his nursery playing with his toy soldiers and waiting for the rain to stop. As he played all alone, he began to feel quite sleepy and his head began to nod.

Suddenly, the sun came out and the rain stopped! There was a bridge across the sky. Bobby didn't know what to think, so he decided to go and see what it was all about. He climbed out of the window and ran down the walk. After he ran and ran to find the beginning of the bridge, but found nothing, he decided that there was no beginning. Then he went to find the end, but there was no end. By then Bobby was all out of breath and he sat down on a stone to rest. He sat there until he thought he could go on. As he started to leave, he saw something coming. As it drew nearer, he saw that it was a little man.

"Maybe it's an elf," thought Bobby.

"That's right," said the little man. "I am an elf."

"What do you want?" said the boy softly.

"Nothing," said the elf, "but I saw you running here and there and thought you might be hunting for the gold."

"What gold?" said Bobby, "I am just hunting for the beginning of that bridge."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" said the elf, "I know that you and many other people have tried to find the beginning and the end, but none have succeeded. I'll let you in on a secret. I know where the gold is!"

"I remember," said Bobby. My mother used to tell me the story of that gold but I didn't believe her."

"You should have," said the elf crossly. "You have made me so angry I shall not tell you the secret!"

"Oh, please, please do little elf," begged Bobby.

Suddenly Bobby opened his eyes and there stood his mother.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "I have had a terrible dream. Do you know that story you have told me many times about 'The Pot of Gold?' Well, I had a dream about that and I am glad that you woke me up."

He was sitting in a little chair in the corner of his nursery with his soldiers on the floor just the way he had left them.

Mother said, "It is time for tea."

"All right," he replied, "but I never want to hear that story again."

PAT VEIT, 7A.

## TO ENGLAND

The wind shrieks as he rides tonight,  
His cape flies behind him.  
The stars shed no light;  
The moon sails behind gray billows.  
The panes are ice-frosted,  
Desolation is accosted.  
The woman's head is bowed.  
A ship speeds across a tossing sea,  
The sea's voice is loud,  
It taunts her troubled mind—  
Will they survive  
As submarines dive  
In darkening depths?  
Will they laugh again with her  
As England's rain,  
Patters softly in the spring,  
From a peaceful sky?  
Or will she sigh  
As laverocks sing?

AUDREY McKISSICK, 9.

# News and Features









## THE RURBAN CLUB

By EDNA KELSO

At one time or another in all of our lives, we have a burning desire to *do* something great for our country. We feel that if only *we* held the reins of the government how much better it would be run. Usually that desire starts somewhere in the upper years of high school. Then, perhaps we find out a little about how a thing works and we see how hard it really is to make it run smoothly. It usually takes an older person to make us open our eyes. When Mr. Gell came to Charlotte High School last September, he brought with him the idea that perhaps he could start us on the right track. At our first senior meeting he talked to us and told us he was willing to start a group in studying problems of our government. About twelve people answered his talk by joining this group.

At our first meeting, he explained that we would study governmental problems and take

trips to interesting governmental places. He also said that we would have meetings with a group at Middlesex Central school and compare rural and urban life.

In October, the group from Middlesex visited our school. They expressed wonder at the largeness, having only five hundred in their school from the first through the twelfth grades. We gave a tea for them and started the machinery going for a return trip. We were to compare the rural and urban school. When we went to Middlesex in November we had a conference. Out of that conference emerged the name of our group—Rurban—a combination of rural and urban. Comparing our reports we found many differences between rural and urban schools.

April seventh they again came here for a three-day conference. They stayed at the homes of Charlotte High Students and studied our way of

Continued on page 61

# FOR THE FIFTY-SECOND TIME

By JACK JAENIKE  
Standard Bearer of 1942

Our school, this year, had the honor to play a predominant part in the ceremonies which accompany the annual transfer of flags instituted by the George H. Thomas Post of the Grand Army of the Republic.

On the eve of George Washington's birthday, Charlotte High School acted as host at the twenty-seventh annual banquet of the Standard Bearers' Association. We should feel proud that our school was selected to be the site of this occasion, and that through the diligence of the Arranging Committee, Mr. Westburg, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Seidel (all standard bearers), it proved to be such a fine success. The banquet was held in the cafeteria, where nearly three hundred guests were present, including standard bearers, their families and guests. After the dinner all present retired to the auditorium where they witnessed a program highlighted by the presentation of medals to the new standard bearers, by Mr. Carl S. Hallauer, and a stirring address by Justin Wroe Nixon, D.D. Other highlights of the program were a business meeting of the Standard Bearers Association, selections by the Charlotte High School Orchestra, and a technicolor film concerning the Bill of Rights. Fortunately, the Charlotte-Marshall basketball game was held that same night, and the guests were able to conclude an eventful evening by attending that encounter.

Mr. West was elected an honorary member of

the Standard Bearers Association and presented with a gold badge "For Service Rendered". He was one of the organizers in 1914 and has been active in its affairs ever since.

The following day, George Washington's birthday, the formal transfer of the flags of the public schools of Rochester took place. As usual, a very large number of guests attended the impressive ceremonies which were held at the Eastman Theatre. The program was opened by the invocation rendered by the Reverend Harold Nicely, D.D., Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church. After a selection by the Inter-High School Band, a play written and directed by Mr. Enright, was presented by the dramatics classes of Charlotte. Mr. Herbert P. Lansdale, Jr., then gave an address entitled "I Pledge Allegiance". There followed the fifty-second annual transfer of flags, under the direction of Captain Henry Lomb Camp. A very impressive sight was the fifty-four standards being held aloft. Among the standard bearers, old and new, were representatives of many races and creeds. Yet, whether they were white or Negro; German or Italian; Catholic or Jew; they were chosen on a similar basis. Let this prove an incentive to us to wipe out all traces of racial prejudice, for when we fail to look on others as equal to ourselves, we have uprooted one of the principles which is the backbone of our democracy.

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## GUEST GROUP

The Charlotte guests were Nathaniel G. West, Principal; the Standard Bearers of 1941 and 1942—John Baird, Jack Jaenike, Curtis Barber, John Dettman; William Denison, Standard Bearer of 1940, No. 38 School; the Guardians of the Flag for 1941 and 1942, Dorothy Rowe, Marion Searls, Audrey McKissick; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Baird; Dr. and Mrs. Richard C. Jaenike; Mr. Glenn M. Denison; Mrs. J. W. Rowe; members of the committee on arrangements; Claude

T. Westburg, Standard Bearer, School No. 15, September 1916-January 1917; Walter W. Bennett, Standard Bearer School No. 29, January 1915; Raymond Seidel, Standard Bearer School No. 6, January 1918; Raymond Savage, Standard Bearer Charlotte High School January 1927; Kenneth B. Waide, Orchestra Leader; John W. Lee, Song Leader. These are shown in the accompanying picture, together with Comrade James A. Hard, G. A. R., and his daughter.

### *SPEAKERS' TABLE*

*CARL S. HALLAUER, THE REVEREND  
FATHER PATRICK CONNELL,  
JUSTIN WROE NIXON, D.D.,  
CAPTAIN HAROLD J. ROCHE;  
EDWIN W. FISKE, PRESIDENT OF  
STANDARD BEARERS ASSOCIATION,  
COMRADE JAMES A. HARD, G.A.R.,  
AND HIS DAUGHTER.*



## ANNUAL FLAG TRANSFER CEREMONIES

*FROM "IF ALL US FELLOWS  
STICK TOGETHER"*

*WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY  
WALTER T. ENRIGHT*

*THE CHARLOTTE DELEGATION  
WITH COMRADE HARD*







## THE THREE COUNCILS

By JACK O'RORKE

Last year our students' association revised our old constitution and gave us a new one, much better, and more modern. Our student government under the new constitution really is a government by the students with little faculty supervision. The constitution provides for three councils; the junior, senior, and executive council.

The junior council is composed of a representative from each junior high homeroom; seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. In addition to these members, there are the representatives of the major activities: Pilot, Co-op, Service League, Visual Aid Corps, boys' athletics, girls' athletics, and music. Combined with the junior president and vice-president, who are elected by the students, they form the junior council. This council discusses the problems of the juniors and passes motions to regulate them. Among the problems taken up by them are the semi-annual junior high school party, the conduct in the lunchroom, the junior high participation in school affairs.

In discussing the senior council we find it similar to the junior council in its set-up and functioning along the same lines. The members are all of the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and post-graduate years. The officers are elected by the students. The problems which face the council are all pertaining to the senior high school.

The executive council is composed of the president of the students' association, the secretary and

treasurer of the students association and the officers of the junior and senior councils plus the chairman of the finance plan. The duties of this council are to form the policies of the school. It acts upon suggestions from the other two councils as well as its own. By passing or rejecting suggestions they are able to form a policy that strengthens and upholds our constitution.

Also included in each council is an adviser of the faculty who advises and cooperates with the students.

The worth of these councils to an individual student is obvious. It enables him or her to learn about his school, government, and it teaches him how to accept and shoulder responsibility. All of this tends to make a better citizen of the pupil after he graduates.

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**EXECUTIVE COUNCIL, 1941.** President, Joseph O'Rorke; 1st Vice-President, Dorothy Barry; 2nd Vice-President, Thomas Elliot; Secretary, George Dundon; Treasury, Betty Moyer. Members: Robert Wegman, Norma Schwan, Clinton Byrnes, John Dettman, Norma Jean Lucy; Advisers, Mr. West, Miss Miner, Mr. Woodman.



*President*  
J. O'RORKE



*First Vice-President*  
D. BARRY



*Sec. Vice-President*  
T. ELLIOTT



*Treasurer*  
B. MOYER



*Secretary*  
G. DUNDON

## STUDENT COUNCILS 1941

**SENIOR COUNCIL.** President, Dorothy Barry; Vice-President, Robert Wegman; Secretary, Clinton Byrnes. Members: Robert Hosley, Clinton Byrnes, Robert Tarnow, Warren Grunst, Carlo Gianforte, Ruth Ashley, Kenneth Chase, Harry Richmond, Cora Thomann, Milton Pierce, Willard Burt, Dorothy Servis, Robert Wegman, Jean Teney, Thomas O'Rorke, Robert Hoyt, Priscilla Edgerton, Eugene Impiccinni, Norma Schwan, George Bird, Betty Bristol, Jeanne O'Connor, Marion Gillette, Marilyn Tarnow, Richard Bowllan; Adviser, Miss Miner.

**JUNIOR COUNCIL.** President, Thomas Elliot; Vice-President, Norma Jean Lucy; Secretary, John Dettman. Members: Jack Mills, George Smith, Ronald Sterling, John Desmond, John Dettman, Muryal Bareis, Duane Baker, Albert Stillson, Robert Olcott, Madeline Tubiola, Marjorie Piper, Patricia Bryce, June Davis, Eugene Kintz, Virginia Crouse, Annette Gauthier, Robert Judd, Paul Braman, Roger Emblidge, Audrey McKissock, Harry Speck; Adviser, C. E. Woodman.

## JUNIOR COUNCIL





## ODD JOB BUREAU

The Charlotte High School Odd Job Bureau serves the community by bringing together students ambitious to work and citizens who have work for them to do.

Set up this year as a new branch of the Service League, the Bureau's committee keeps a file of workers and strives to send out on each job a well qualified and willing boy or girl. House work, care of children, lawn and garden work, are among the tasks pupils are performing with profit to themselves and to the community.

Jack Hannah has served this year as the first chairman of the Bureau.

## SERVICE LEAGUE

By H. CURTIS BARKER

"Hello Wally! You certainly are looking chipper. What's the pin? Let me take a look at it a second. Service League . . . C. H. S. Not a bad looking pin at all! I didn't know that the Service League had its own pin; nothing was said about it last year anyway."

"This year the Service League felt that it too needed some form of recognition like the teams have, and as a result they decided to have this sterling silver pin. Of course, red tape changed the original plans a little, but that isn't important, the fact being that we have our pin!"

"I sure wish I were back with my nose to the grindstone. Does everyone on the Service League

have the privilege to wear the pin?"

"No, the committee felt the need for more than one year of service to entitle a member to own one. They said that a person must have a minimum of twenty-five points to be eligible to wear the pin. Each branch of the Service League is worth ten points per term to the active members."

"How well I remember the hall monitors, library aides, office practice assistants, safety patrol and the banking committee. I served on several branches myself, and was it interesting! Working for the school, helping to keep the machinery going properly!"

"This year the noon monitors and lost and found bureau were added to the Service League."

"Are you on the Service League council? I never was, but I saw the results of its action. The cafeteria aides have cleaned up first period lunch remarkably."

"Yes, I am serving on the council. Each branch of the Service League has its representative, and we discuss our problems that pop up while we are on duty. This year the Service League council had the constitution revised, to bring it up to date."

"Tell me more; it sounds interesting."

"There is one time of the year that proves most interesting, and that is the election of our new officers at the first meeting of the new term. The council has regular monthly meetings with Mr. Woodman as our adviser. When we held our elections several months ago, we elected Betty Bristol, president; Richard Hughes, vice-president, and Curtis Barber, secretary."

## SERVICE LEAGUE COUNCIL



# PRESENTING A



CHOIR



CREW

## Waltz Dream



COSTUME COMMITTEE



VISUAL AID STAFF



ORCHESTRA



# BAND AND ORCHESTRA

By CHESTER COUCH

The Charlotte High School Band at present is composed of about fifty-five high school musicians. The Charlotte High School Orchestra consists of about forty-five similar young men and women of music. Many of these musicians play in both organizations, however. Each is a student interested in learning about, and desiring to play the best in music today. Under the able direction of maestro Kenneth B. Waide, they are doing just that, and they are having a good time while learning, too.

Little does the average student know of what goes on at a band or orchestra rehearsal. Those sweet tones that are heard from the assembly stage at a band appearance don't just happen to emit from a clarinet or horn. They are a result of long practice and hard work by both musician and director. Perhaps it is a blessing that John Average Student is not present at rehearsals. Even though the initial practice of a piece is not so wonderful, the finished selection is a musical masterpiece as any music-lover can easily hear.

New selections are regularly added to the repertoire of the band and orchestra to satisfy the musical tastes of a most discriminating audience. What student is there who does not recognize those peppy marches to be played in a manner second to the musical organization of the great Sousa? Or what student is there who does not regard that dynamic direction to be second only to that of Toscanini?

The band is regularly heard each week from the orchestra pit during assemblies. Several stage appearances are made each year also. To prove

the versatility of the organization, the band also played for an indoor circus in the Charlotte gymnasium this past winter. Innumerable appearances are made at athletic contests during the year. Well-known are the block letter formations and dazzling antics of the drum-majorettes on the football field and basketball court.

The orchestra, too, has made stage appearances this year and has played for several banquets. The high spot of orchestral appearances occurred early this spring when the orchestra combined forces with the choir and presented a musical comedy, "A Waltz Dream" by Oscar Strauss. Both band and orchestra stage a spectacular spring concert, which is another event music-lovers look forward to.

The Charlotte High School instrumental organizations are in great demand throughout the community also. The orchestra appeared at Number 38 School this winter, where they accompanied a play presented there. Seneca School also invited both band and orchestra to play a concert for them. The band has played in the Memorial Day parade for years, and looks forward to doing so again this spring.

All is not practice and hard work, either. The band and orchestra have their social events. A roller skating party was held for the members in March, and the annual picnic is held in sunny June.

The band and orchestra of Charlotte High School, in view of past accomplishments, may very well be regarded as a credit to any institution of learning.

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## HIGHER FINANCE

To a person who collects stamps only as a pastime, there is no finer hobby. However, a person who collects stamps for money is certain to encounter difficulties. Let's examine the sad case of a young man who wishes to sell a fine collection of United States stamps.

For example, here is a stamp of 1869, showing an old-fashioned locomotive. Has it got a grill mark on the back or not? If it has, it is worth exactly fifteen cents. But, if there is no grill, this gentleman could collect eight hundred dollars for it. A very common issue is the Columbian Issue, printed in 1893. The blue four cent stamp is worth twenty cents. However, through

a misprint, a few stamps were printed not blue, but ultra-marine. That slight change in color results in a financial change of one thousand, one hundred dollars, and eighty cents. The real prize, booby or otherwise, occurred in 1873, when the government issued a series of stamps with secret markings. A picture of Jackson, with a short diagonal line under the scroll is worth thirty cents. But, "believe it or not," if there are two lines, the stamp can be sold for two thousand dollars.

Therefore, dear readers, if you wish to sell your stamps, buy a nice padded cell to reside in after you see your dealer.

—JAMES COCHRANE, 10.



DONALD CUSHMAN  
*snare drum*

JOSEPH PUCETA  
*bass drum*

GENEVIEVE KAVANAUGH  
*drum majorette*



## WOODWIND SECTION



BRASS SECTION





## HI-Y

By CHESTER COUCH

The name Hi-Y comes from the abbreviation of high school and Y. M. C. A. It is in reality a combination of both, being neither a school club nor entirely a Y. M. C. A. group. Hi-Y membership is open to high school boys. However, chapters invite their own members, and govern themselves.

Hi-Y began in Ionia, Michigan, in 1870. The oldest Hi-Y club still meeting regularly is at Chapman, Kansas, and it was organized in 1889. The first high school club to use the abbreviated name was organized in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1911. The name was introduced into general use in 1913 by the Cleveland Y. M. C. A.

Charlotte Beta Hi-Y, our high school's chapter, was organized in 1935. The club at present is composed of sixteen active members, who meet each week at the Maplewood Y. M. C. A. Officers of the club this term are: President, Willard Burt; Vice-President, Robert Wegman; Secretary, Jack Jaenike, and Treasurer, Robert Tarnow. Mr. Saunders, a member of the Charlotte High School faculty, has generously donated his time as the clubs' adviser this year.

The interests of Beta Hi-Y are varied as can be seen by its activities. Early in the fall, after the election of officers, a new code of laws was drawn up by the members. New members, chosen for the most part from the junior class, were invited to join the club. After a week of

supervised hazing, the pledges were formally inducted at an impressive ceremony.

An overnight trip to the Hi-Y cabin at Irondequoit Bay was held late in November. Ten boys made the trip which included hiking in the surrounding countryside, seemingly endless bull sessions held around the oilstove, and above all, plenty of food. The fellows had such a good time at the cabin, that another trip was held in the latter part of January, when skating and playing hockey on the bay were their chief interests, next to eating, of course.

A ping pong tournament between the members of the club was held during December on the Maplewood Y tables. Following this event, came the Beta Hi-Y dance, also held at the Maplewood Y. A large crowd of high school fellows and their girl friends turned out for the dancing and refreshments.

But Hi-Y is not merely a sponsor of many social events, it performs services for the school, and broadens the education of its members. An indoor circus came to Charlotte early in November, and Beta did its bit to help advertise the event. The Y. M. C. A. sponsors many speakers for forums to which Hi-Y members from different schools are invited. In addition, Beta has sponsored several speakers to enlighten its own

Continued on page 62



## CO-OP COMMITTEE

NORMA SCHWAN, *chairman*

VIRGINIA CROUSE, STUART FOSTER,  
LEONA GAGE, CARLO GIANFORTE,

DORIS GRISWOLD, WARREN GRUNST,  
WAVE NIMS, MARILYN TARNOW.



## BILL OF RIGHTS

Note: One of the features of Bill of Rights Week was a series of essays written in the senior classes, another, a series of posters made in the art classes. Examples of these are combined on this page.

### FREEDOM OF WORSHIP

To make an almost perfect Constitution even closer to perfection, our forefathers added the Bill of Rights to the "supreme document" of the United States in 1791. Of these rights, none is more important to me than the right to have "freedom of worship".

Little do we realize as we wend our way to church each Sunday, joyfully and gladly, how lucky we are. Suppose that we couldn't worship God as we felt? Suppose that we were forced to worship, not the true God, but instead some mere human made supernatural by the brilliance of his falsely lighted surroundings? What joy could there possibly be in our life, if we had no one to turn to when our outlook seemed dimmest, if our only solace was the false one of publicly worshipping some god whom we knew in our own hearts was not the God of Gods?

That would not be "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". It wouldn't and couldn't be called "life". It would merely be a dull existence holding nothing to encourage one to go on courageously; and truly who would want to go on? I am sure that I would not want to go on without God to beg aid from, without God to worship as I saw fit.

In times like these our good fortune is very evident when compared with other countries which worship what the government tells them to and that is usually the government itself. What

if we couldn't wear our "Easter bonnets" on Easter Sunday; What if we couldn't worship the new born babe on Christmas Eve and at midnight mass; what if one day was the same as the next with seven week days, not six. God forbid! And He did in the form of those stalwart men who sealed our liberty for us in the Constitution and then added another chain for safety's sake and called that chain, "The Bill of Rights".

RICHARD BOWLLAN.

### LIBERTY, "ETERNAL SPIRIT OF THE CHAINLESS MIND"

If our freedom of the press and speech were one day to be revoked, we American people would justly be shocked. For we take our liberties for granted and consider them birthrights. But they are not. We had to fight for them, and we'll have to fight to keep them. We should consider them privileges rather than rights.

When we say freedom of speech, we mean the liberty to express our beliefs without fear of suppression. When we say freedom of the press we mean the liberty to express our opinions in writing.

Along with freedom of speech we have an obligation to defend what we say. If we and our compatriots should acknowledge this obligation fewer of us would be the victim of malicious propaganda. To say what we think is our right; to think before we say it is our obligation.

Along with freedom of the press are obligations, we must verify our writing. The profane use of the divine privilege of freedom of the press in printing filthy yellow scandal sheets is one of the most indecent, immoral, and obnoxious

Continued on page 62



# FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA

By RAYMOND CHEESEBOROUGH, 9A

*Thursday, August 15th, 1940*

When we left you at Grovensor House we caught a bus to Euston Station. We then journeyed in the Royal Scot overnight to Liverpool. When we got off at Liverpool Station we just had to walk across the High Street into a massive building called St. George's Hall. There we had our breakfast then we all started looking at all the interesting things. It was a really beautiful place. There was carvings and monuments of every kind. At 11:30 A. M. we went by bus to the Liverpool Docks where we had our dinner. We then went on board the ship. The name of the ship is "Duchess of Atholl". It is a huge ship with seven decks, children's playroom and everything else you could think of, and the bedrooms are beautiful. We are great pals with Dereck Chase. I think you know his dad. We left the docks at 8 o'clock tonight.

*Friday, August 16th.*

We were rather seasick this morning, but when we went up onto the deck we felt much better. I think young Jacky is about the only one I know who has not been sick. He is not in the same room as us as we have our own little room with two bunks, but he is quite near and we see him every day. There are many deck sports such as: shuffle-board, ring-tennis and quoits. We have just finished playing them and feel much better and there is no more signs of sea-sickness.

*Saturday, August 17th.*

When we started off we were sailing with another liner and a very large destroyer, but about eleven o'clock this morning the other liner turned off towards Cape-Town (South Africa), and the destroyer turned back home. On our liner at the back we have a gigantic gun and on one deck lower there is one a bit smaller and on the captain's bridge there is a Lewis gun.

*Sunday, August 18th.*

We did not have much to do today so the escorts thought they would have some organized deck-sports so we soon had something to do. At 3 o'clock this afternoon we had a little service in the lounge. Then we played table-tennis the rest of the afternoon. We spent the evening exploring the rest of the boat. We found many new things including: Children's playroom and nursery. We also found the swimming pool and a cinema, but these only open during peacetime.

*Monday, August 19th.*

Today we sighted three large whales, so we scanned the sea with Jacky and Victor Moon's field glasses. We could see no more, however, because of the mists. That's the trouble with the Atlantic, one minute you can see for miles and next minute you can see no further than a hundred yards from the sides of the boat, and when that happens the huge fog-horn on one of the funnels goes off and makes us jump out of our skins.

*Tuesday, August 20th.*

Nothing much exciting happened today except the usual deck-sports and table-tennis. In the afternoon we had a game called Lexicon and another called Jack-of-all-trades. In the evening two sailors entertained us, one with a banjo and the other with a pair of spoons and we all had a good singsong on the deck.

*Wednesday, August 21st.*

Today has been a very exciting one. A sailor told us this morning we were just off the coast of Newfoundland and that we might see some icebergs soon. After looking out for awhile we began to see lumps of ice floating in the water. Dennis Moon was the first one to see the first iceberg. He pointed over the side, and looking in that direction we saw a great mass of floating ice on the horizon almost as big as our liner. About four more icebergs passed close to our ship after that. After that the big black back of a whale came above the surface and a large water spout arose from the top of it. We then sighted Belle Isle just off Newfoundland. A little girl in our section was nine years old today, so we held a party for her, and at tea-time she had a large cake with candles, and as a special treat every table had plates and plates of fancy cakes. By the way we've just discovered the number of people on board is 1,300.

*Thursday, August 22nd.*

Today we arrived at River St. Lawrence and we were very near land and could see houses and tiny people. Later on the land on either side became beautiful forest land and mountains. We have just picked up our river pilot for here and there on the river are treacherous rocks. It has been a lovely day with the sun shining all the time. We had to pack our cases and they all had to be ready by 6 o'clock.



*Friday, August 23rd.*

Today we entered Quebec and saw the Heights of Aberham where General Wolfe fought. They were very high with castle and cannon. The sailors told us we will land at midnight tonight. We have just passed another town called Three Rivers and it was all lit up with glorious lights. Our last stopping place will be at Montreal in a few hours time. From there we will take a train across into America into Rochester.

*Friday, August 23rd.*

We arrived at Montreal docks at 12 o'clock tonight and slept overnight in the docks.

*Saturday, August 24th.*

Today we arrived at Montreal Docks last night and this morning we had our breakfast and at half past nine we disembarked and got on a train at Montreal Station and traveled all day through New York State right around to Rochester. We did not arrive at Rochester until nine o'clock at night and we had a wonderful reception waiting for us, for there were crowds waiting at the station to receive us. We were then driven by coach to a big mansion where we are all staying for ten days in case we have brought any disease from the boat, such as chicken-pox or measles.

When our English friends first arrived in America, we were very much interested in their first impressions. They discovered many aspects of our every-day living which differed from their lives in England.

*Sidney Snook* remarked: "The first thing that impressed me after coming to America, and mixing with the American people, was that they seemed kind and eager to do what they could for us."

*June Gowers*: "The thing that struck me most when I arrived in America was the tremendous amount of cars. Another difference is the way the Americans speak. At first their speech fascinated us very much, but now we are getting used to it."

*Lily Woodage*: "I was surprised at the number of people that chew gum in America."

*Jean Cross*: "Everyone seemed to be tearing around without time to spare. But when you have been in America a few weeks you get into the American habit of hurrying."

*Frank Harris*: "I was very much impressed by the funny—or funny to me—bicycles. Their handlebars were in peculiar positions and there were no hand brakes."

*Sylvia Smith*: "A few words are used differently in America. For instance—we call bangs—fringe. We say a girl has a fringe."



## CHI-Y

September, 1940

The first Chi-Y meeting of the new semester was called to order by the president. Under old business, Betty Bristol, delegate for the Camp Ononda Conference, reported on the various activities. The girls had enjoyed swimming, tennis, and canoeing besides attending lectures and classes, and seated around the evening campfire, the two hundred delegates had participated in songs and skits.

Under new business, the program for the coming year was presented. Mrs. Henrickson consented to be our advisor. Names of prospective members from the eleventh and twelfth grades were suggested. The limit for membership was set at thirty-five. The initiation will be held at the Y. W. C. A. in the form of a pot-luck supper and splash party after which formal ceremonies will be held.

For the weekly Thursday meeting a number of speakers have been selected, several trips planned, a silver tea with Miss Florendau from the Philippine Islands as guest speaker, a Halloween dance at the Y. W. C. A., and a bowl of rice supper with proceeds for the benefit of the people in war stricken areas were voted upon.

Ways were suggested for raising money to send Betty Henderson as delegate to the Mid-Winter Conference at Erie, Pennsylvania.

As a special favor to the Hi-Y, the combined "Y" clubs are to entertain the Hi-Y delegates from the older boys conference at an informal dance, March 8, 1941, at the Y. W. C. A. Incidentally, it promises to be exciting!

For our last meeting a farewell picnic for the seniors will be held.

After planning this extensive program, the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,  
JEANNE RETTIG,  
BETTY BRISTOL.



## THE GROWING DEPARTMENT

The Horticulture course at Charlotte is rounding out its fifth year and seems to be here to stay. The student body now takes, as a matter of course, a fellow student hurrying through the hall with a bouquet of flowers, and fellows digging in the garden are as much a part of the scene in the spring and fall as the athletes rambling over the athletic fields.

Last September an exhibit of the work in Horticulture rubbed elbows with one by the Future Farmers of a nearby town and the 4H Club of another at the revived Monroe County Fair in Rush. Incidentally we won first prize for the exhibit and had a chance to see what our "country cousins" are doing.

The exhibit was in three parts entitled "Here Is Where We Work"; "This Is the Work We Do" and "But It Isn't All Work". These captions supply us with material for this article.

The greenhouse has not been enlarged but space in it has been—new shelves and racks provide additional space for the increase in crops. A nursery has been laid out and is almost completely planted with trees and shrubs. The vege-

table garden is being expanded; new shrub plantings have been made and a perennial border designed and planted. A storage area for tools has just been completed.

Students in the advanced classes have raised some fine crops of greenhouse material, using the most modern methods of production.

The Horticulture Club has been carrying out an interesting educational and social program and is now planning a long time project of beautification of the school campus.

Field trips are part of the year's work. These include visits to local parks and greenhouses, a day at the Cornell Florists School in January, and a Saturday trip in May to the Geneva Experiment Station and Cornell University gardens.

A number of the students have part time employment with florists, nurserymen and seedsmen and one graduate has finished the course at Farmingdale State School of Horticulture. Some of this year's graduates plan to go on to college next year. We wish them luck and hope they bring glory to Charlotte High School.



## A BOY'S VERSION OF HIS SISTER

She gurgles like a brook,  
She chatters like a monkey  
And hops just like a rabbit  
And brays just like a donkey.

She's always curled up in a nook  
To read a dollar novel book;  
So just give her a dirty look  
Cause she's just my sister.

ELEANOR WENDEL, 8.

# FROM ACROSS THE SEAS

Compiled by DOROTHY MOSLEY

An unknown friend from across the seas,  
You may obtain by letters like these;  
From which a friendship soon will grow.  
With even a person you do not know.

Many students of the second and third year French classes get a real thrill from corresponding with students in France. In fact, there is scarcely a country in which some high school student hasn't a correspondent. Among those countries active in response to letters are France, England, Norway and Belgium.

Special paragraphs from recent letters have proved to be rather interesting, such as the letters recently written to Barbara Link from Mlle. Paulette Rayon, Marseilles, France. Part of the letter of October, 1940, is as follows:

" . . . I was afraid you would not answer to my letter, because of the war which is fierce now. I think the English are very unhappy, because of German bombardments. I know what it is when Marseilles was bombarded in two times. It is not interesting to remain in shelters. Now it is finished, and life continues . . . "

July, 1940

" . . . At the beginning of June, my school was shut; I went to the country to preserve me of aeroplanes. Marseilles was bombarded two times—one time by Germans and once by Italians. Before the war I spent my vacation in the country; there was a dance, and the boys made us dance. Now there are no more dances, nor movies."

January, 1941

In France we pine for to see the war finished. We hear at the English radio, because we don't like the Germans. They are bad men. We hear funny songs about Mussolini. . . . This year in school, I don't love my English teacher."

Leona Gage is regularly receiving letters from Aud Kleven, Norway. The letter of September, 1940, reads:

" . . . What are the last pictures in America now? Here there are new pictures of Sonja Henie. (Why didn't she marry a Norwegian man?) This summer has been fine. (I mean the weather, understand?) The sky is dark now, not a light to discover in the houses, nor in the streets. It's quite dark at 7 o'clock, and we can't see anything. You Americans are lucky, aren't you?"

Many interesting letters have been received also, by Marilyn Tarnow, from Kathleen Wild,

Derby, England. An excerpt of one of the letters is:

" . . . As I am writing this, outside in the streets is a complete blackout. The war is an awful thing. The other day I saw some youths going to the front. They were singing and waving jovially; I could have cried. Everywhere we go we have to carry gas-masks. They are horrible things. I hope this letter doesn't get on a boat that is going to be torpedoed like the *Athenia*."

Letter of September 7th:—

"Everything in variety on the radio is about Hitler. Songs such as 'Run Adolf Run', and 'Adolf, You've Bitten Off More Than You Can Chew', are all the go, and the jokes that are cracked about him! When he is seen on news-reels, people start laughing, etc. Poor Hitler, but he deserves it. I don't think I shall have a birthday party, because we shall be rationed on sugar and butter. You can't very well say, 'Come for tea, but bring your own sugar,' can you?"

A very up-to-the-minute letter was received by Robert Lohwater from Henri Nicaise, Belgium, a part of which reads as follows:

"Among the visions of the war I have seen is a bomb falling a few feet from me. One splinter from a shell cut the head off of a soldier. The head rolled on the ground with the helmet over it. Some soldiers have neither arms nor legs. Everyday the dead are carried by, so often, that one becomes accustomed to it."

These are just sections of a few of the letters written by foreign correspondents to our high school students. Do you want a correspondent? Just ask a person who has one, to get you the name and address of a foreign friend. Letter writing can be such fun!

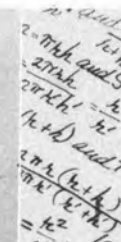
## POOR PLEDGE

I am a pledge  
Of the great Sigma Phi;  
And my only motto  
Is to do or to die.  
It's yes sir! And no sir!  
And how do you do?  
And before I am done  
I'll feel black and blue.  
But when the brothers are near  
All I can say  
Is that Sigma Phi  
Is really okay.

JOHN EUSTANCE, 10



# SENIORS: IN: SOLID





## THE HONOR SOCIETIES

By REID WEIDMAN

### THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

This organization each year takes in a limited number of Seniors who have been recommended by their teachers as students who have been outstanding in their work throughout their four years of high school. High ranking students are occasionally elected in their Junior year.

The purpose of this organization is to reward students who have done outstanding work in high school.

### LES BABILLARDS

Students of French, who, at the end of their first year of study, have an average of "B" or better are eligible to this organization.

Les Babillards has two main purposes. The first is its use as a reward for students who are above average in French. Its second is to create a greater interest in the study of French. In the furtherance of this second purpose, Les Babillards holds a meeting once in every three or four weeks throughout the school year. Of these meetings, one is devoted to the initiation of new members. The others include outside speakers and plays put on by members of the society.

### THE OPTIMATES

The purpose of this society is to promote greater interest in the study of Latin and to reward students of above average ability in this subject.

Eligible are those Latin students who have earned an average of "B" or better at the end of their first year.

Once each term an initiation dinner is held, at which new members of the Alpha Chapter are initiated.

Once a year an Inter-High Party is held. This year members from all schools will be entertained by the Delta Chapter at Madison High.

### THE COMMERCIAL HONOR SOCIETY

This organization is composed of students who have done superior work in commercial subjects through four years of high school.

Its purpose is to reward these high ranking commercial students. Commercial Honor students strive to maintain high standards of business conduct, furnish clerical services to teachers, and are often called upon to handle money from ticket sales.



## INTERHIGH SCIENCE CLUB

By JOEL E. DYNEK

In 1937 the idea of an Interhigh Science Club as a parallel organization in science to the Interhigh Band and Orchestra, was regarded as a needed but difficult club to organize. Through pioneer work of thirty-three students, three selected from each of the city high schools, and eleven science teachers under Mr. H. A. Carpenter, specialist in science, the club was organized in the spring of 1938.

It began to attract the interest of other students in city schools and during the second year became the running mate in science of the interhigh groups in music.

The Interhigh Science Club exerted its influence in Western and Southern New York when it joined forces with the American Institute of Science and Engineering Clubs, and established the Rochester Science Center which unifies the science work in neighboring countries. Much fame has accrued to the Science Center by reasons of the Annual Science Fair and Science Congresses which are held in the spring and fall of each year.

In the early days of the club there were only three members from Charlotte High School, but today there are eighteen active members.

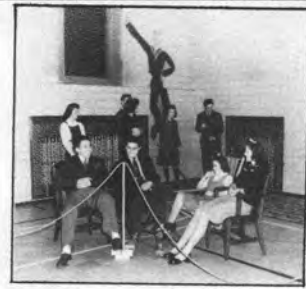
|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| Lloyd Aldrich    | Richard Morse    |
| George Dundon    | Harry Richmond   |
| Joel Dynek       | Dorothy Rowe     |
| Jack Fields      | Eileen Ryder     |
| Merle Hedrick    | Lucy Sawejko     |
| Richard Hughes   | Paul Schmidt     |
| Eric Kent        | Norma Schwan     |
| Frédéric Lauer   | Marion Searls    |
| Stanley Malmgren | Donald Zimmerman |

It is the policy of the club to form small activity groups with a sponsor, who acts as an advisor and instructor in many fields such as: Aeronautics, Biology, Chemistry, Entomology, Genetics, Horticulture, Mineralogy, Photography, Radio, and a host of others including Science

Continued on page 62



*SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL PARTY COMMITTEE*



*SENIOR CLASS PARTY*



*PILOT STAFF*



*GIRLS' CAMERA CLUB*



*G. H. S. BAND  
WAITERS' CORPS*



*JUNIOR RED CROSS*





## GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

By MARILYN TARNOW

The after school schedule of girls' athletics in Charlotte High School is unique in that it is run by the girls themselves. It is run by a council which is organized and functions much the same as our own student government with little help from the instructors. This organization is known as the "Girls' Athletic Association", which is composed of a president, vice-president, secretary, assistant secretary, and representatives from each sport, who are appointed as managers and assistants. The executive council is elected at the close of a school year by the girls of Senior High School. Rivalry is keen, and the girls vie with each other to see who can put on the best campaigns for the offices. Little of this activity reaches the ears of the boys in the adjoining gym, although many claim they know of the "goings on over there".

The girls of this school are offered one of the most extensive and enjoyable sport programs possible. In the fall, the girls may be seen on the athletic field, concerned with putting that ball between the posts, and helping their team come through with flying colors in soccer. If you should hear a shout of pure joy, it is probably coming from a female Robin Hood who has just succeeded in making a bull's-eye. There is tennis to limber up the legs and arms, and keep that school girl figure, too. Just think—this year we'll have our own courts! Swimming is a popular sport and continues all year with a class in life saving, besides the novice swimmers' class.

The winter season provides the participants of after-school activities the greatest variety of sports during the year. The list includes badminton, ping pong, dancing, bowling, volleyball, swimming, and basketball. A game was played recently between the sophomores and juniors to decide the basketball championship of the girls this year. Everyone was invited to attend, and it certainly seemed that everyone was there. Many of

the boys came to comment on the girls' ability, but they remained to marvel. The gasps of amazement that went up from all sides as the girls consistently sunk one shot after another, certainly proved that girls attain skill in sports, also.

In the spring, a young woman's fancy turns to baseball, which is greeted by such an enthusiastic response that it is held twice a week. Tennis and archery, which are repeated in this season, are great favorites too.

With its varied program of activities, and the girls' sincere interest, the G. A. A. achieves its purpose, namely: "to stimulate interest in girls' athletics and to promote the spirit of good sportsmanship."



The last of all the trolleys  
fare you well—Shakespeare





# G. A. A.

COED SQUARE DANCING



BASKETBALL HONOR TEAM



PING PONG



BOWLING



COED VOLLEYBALL



JUNIOR LIFE SAVERS





## SCOUTS

A recent survey of the Senior Class shows the following Scout activities:

Girl Scouts:

*Troop 20*

Leona Gage  
Edna Kelso  
Shirley Nietz  
Audrey Pickworth  
Jeanne Rettig  
Dorothy Rowe  
Lorraine Tamblyn  
Marilyn Tarnow

Boy Scouts:

*Troop 14*

Stanley Malmgren, Junior Scout Master

*Troop 39*

Robert Hosley, Junior Scout Assistant

Dennis Howe

Donald Spratt, Eagle Scout

*Troop 53*

William Dreher, Assistant Scout Master

Merle Hedrick, Life Scout

Allen Jackson, Eagle Scout

Jack O'Rorke

Reid Weidman, Eagle Scout

*Troop 75*

Clinton Byrnes

*Troop 127*

John Baird

George Dundon, Eagle Scout

Edson Hineline, Eagle Scout

Richard Hughes, Life Scout, Junior Assistant  
Scout Master

*Troop 150*

Carl Jensen

## SEA SCOUTS

Sea Scouting is a part of the Senior Scouting Program of the Boy Scouts of America. Sea Scouts are older boys who are, for the most part, still active in the Scout Troop. They continue to take part in troop activities in addition to their own program.

The Sea Scout Program was originated to keep older fellows in Scouting. Although boating is an important part of their program, it is far from being the only one. The Sea Scouts have parties, dances, go on camping trips and perform public services. An important part of the Sea Scout Program is the Sea Scout Uniform and the Sea Scout Advancement System.

The Rochester Council Sea Scouts maintain a "Base" on Irondequoit Bay, throughout the summer. There is, at their "Base", a sizeable fleet of various small craft. It includes several row-

boats and canoes, three sailboats, a cutter and two motor launches. This "Base" is well equipped and has competent leadership at all times. It is open all summer to the individual as well as to the crew.

Among the services to the public, by the Sea Scouts, comes the list of overturned sailboats which have been rescued by Sea Scouts at the "Base" and also the overnight traffic count conducted by Sea Scouts to supplement the day count taken annually by the Boy Scouts.

Any boy, Scout or not, who is at all interested in the Sea Scout Program, would find it well worth his while to stop in at Boy Scout Headquarters for any further information on the subject.

## JUNIOR SPORTS FOR GIRLS

By AUDREY MCKISSICK

Miss Booth, Miss Eddy and Miss Davis have all agreed that the Junior High Girls have supported the after school activities enthusiastically.

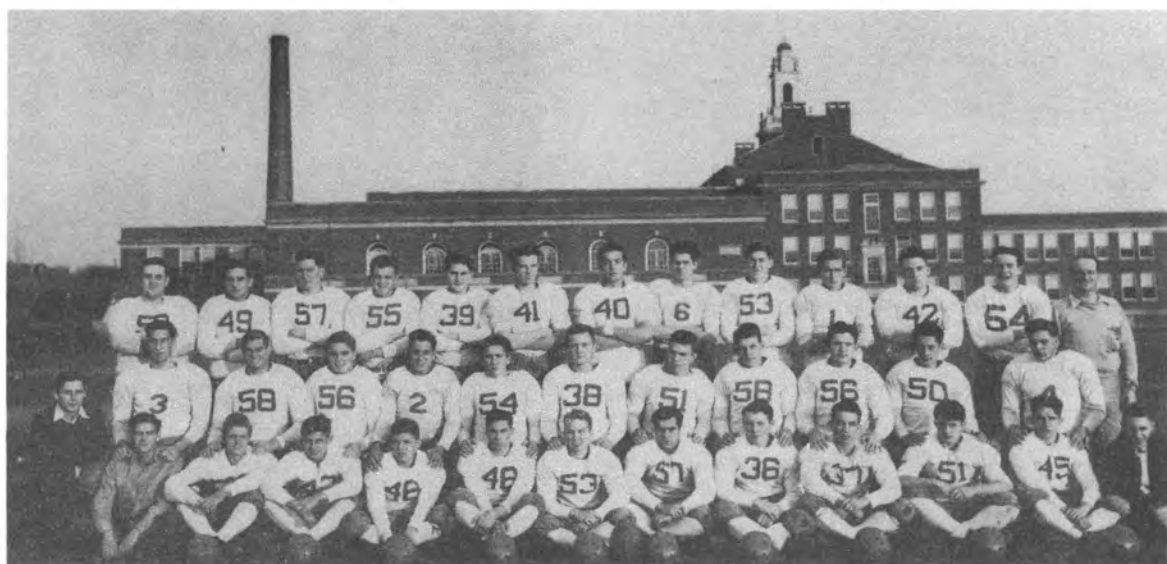
The swimming clubs have been well attended. The Junior High girls have passed their tests quickly. Mrs. Reitze exclaimed over the vivaciousness and eagerness to go swimming that is found in 7th and 8th grade girls.

In this school among the 7th, 8th and 9th grade girls there is the keenest interest and the greatest perseverance in swimming. Of all the schools in the City, Charlotte's juniors rank first in Life-Saving. More and more of the younger girls are passing their Life-Saving tests to the great happiness of the instructors.

On Friday afternoons for the past year, Miss Davis has conducted a Social Dancing Class for the 7th, 8th and 9th grade girls. Miss Blossom Culhane has served as accompanist. Miss Culhane is one of Rochester's foremost accompanists and Charlotte is fortunate to have her play during the club.

Miss Eddy's Table Tennis Club has around 30 girls enrolled in it. Ruth Schuldes is the Champion player. Margaret Coddington and Joanne Lacy are very capable and efficient as secretary and property manager respectively. While waiting for their turns, the girls play checkers, dominoes, Chinese checkers, tit-tat-toe and paddle badminton. There have been several parties at which the girls have enjoyed themselves immensely.

In Basketball the Junior High girls have also distinguished themselves. They are fast, graceful and very adept. There is a good chance, Miss Eddy said, of a strong basketball team next year with some of this year's outstanding freshmen players as members. A few of the more prominent basket-ballers are Caroline Barone, Gertrude Weber, Rita Childs and Margaret Brickler.





## SOCCER

### Summary:

|           |   |           |   |
|-----------|---|-----------|---|
| Charlotte | 1 | Madison   | 3 |
| Charlotte | 1 | Jefferson | 0 |
| Charlotte | 0 | Edison    | 0 |
| Charlotte | 5 | Monroe    | 2 |
| Charlotte | 0 | Franklin  | 3 |
| Charlotte | 6 | Marshall  | 0 |
| Charlotte | 0 | West      | 2 |
| Charlotte | 0 | East      | 0 |

Not only in knocking Monroe out of the pennant race, but also in giving Marshall's Blue and Orange the worst drubbing in the history of the feud, the Charlotte booter squad gave Ray Seidel a first-division team in his first year as coach.

Ripping the nets three times, Bird led the eleven in the trouncing of Monroe, while a congruent feat was accomplished by Grunst in downing Marshall, by counting three goals.

Boyd and Howell stood out on defense all year long while the line functioned like the championship line of 1938 on various days.



## CLICK!

Slowly, observing everything, looking for a good specimen, I walked through the fields with my trusty "36" in hand. It had been several hours and I had not sighted anything worth using as a specimen for my collection of the "wonders of nature". Ch-Ch-Chatter! I turned, looked—only a squirrel. I had many squirrel specimens so I did not bother with this one.

Farther and farther I kept walking. Suddenly there was a Tap-Tic-Tic-Tap! I turned! The sound stopped. I did not see anything. I stood still, patiently listening for that sound again.

Moments passed. They seemed to be ages. Suddenly Tap-Tic-Tic-Tap! There—there it was again! It seemed to be coming from above me! I looked up! A woodpecker! A woodpecker in this environment in the middle of winter! I observed it more closely. A black breasted woodpecker! This is a rare bird in our part of the country. What was a southern bird doing here in New York State in the middle of winter? Here was something really worth getting!

Slowly I crept closer and closer. When I thought I was finally close enough, I raised my "36" to my breast, sighted the bird in the sighting lens, and then cautiously pulled the trigger. There was a flash and click-click at the very same instant! Suddenly the bird flew away.

I was content though; I had taken my picture! One more specimen to add to my photographic collection of the "wonders of nature!"

—PETER TRAPOLINO, 9.





CLINT BYRNES



COACH BROWN  
MANAGER PIATT



GEORGE BOYD



BOB LOHWATER

## BASKETBALL

### Summary:

|           |    |             |    |
|-----------|----|-------------|----|
| Charlotte | 34 | Irondequoit | 27 |
| Charlotte | 15 | Jefferson   | 23 |
| Charlotte | 19 | West        | 28 |
| Charlotte | 35 | Irondequoit | 25 |
| Charlotte | 20 | Franklin    | 46 |
| Charlotte | 12 | Madison     | 37 |
| Charlotte | 21 | Monroe      | 40 |
| Charlotte | 33 | Edison      | 38 |
| Charlotte | 37 | Marshall    | 29 |
| Charlotte | 22 | East        | 38 |
| Charlotte | 22 | Franklin    | 30 |
| Charlotte | 20 | Madison     | 28 |
| Charlotte | 32 | Monroe      | 39 |
| Charlotte | 26 | Edison      | 40 |
| Charlotte | 24 | Marshall    | 54 |
| Charlotte | 33 | East        | 34 |



ALLEN JACKSON

After a torrid opening against Irondequoit, Charlotte's Green and White bombers hit an offensive snag and only two more games were snared in the schedule's entirety. Many considered the season a success because of a decisive win over Marshall, Charlotte's bitter rival, on the Ridgeway Avenue court, 37-29. In the year's finale, the team battled with East on even terms for the last three quarters, but a belated rally fell one point short in the closing seconds.

Perhaps Charlotte was outclassed in more than a few games, but the fighting spirit carried through each game will put the seniors from this year's team (Boyd, Byrnes, Lohwater, O'Connor, Hannah and Jackson) on the ghostly mythical team of Charlotte's former basket luminaries.



JACK HANNAH

*To night is the last of  
Charlotte game 2-2  
brook Pretty good  
Eugene*

BOB O'CONNOR

DICK McELWAIN

LLOYD ALDRICH

EUGENE WINTZ





## INJUNS BUT NO COWBOYS Continued from page 9

other tribes and make talk about problems of our complicated redskin society. We had many feasts and dances including a Starlit Prom which were made successful by the skill of our snake dancers, "Springy-Willow" Bensen and "Big-Heap-Hep-Cat" Durbin. The younger squaws found no greater pleasure than listening to the beautiful poems of "Babbling Bear" Hughes. "Lonesome Goose" Schwan spent all her time counting beads on wampum belts and keeping the Co-op tablets straight while "Little-Flapping-Boots" O'Connor and her assistant "Laughing Boy" Baird scratched the latest news on the deerskins and distributed them throughout the village. One of the greatest scoops in ten moons occurred when "Thundermaker" Griswold sneaked into the tepee of the witch doctor, "Atom-Smashum" Dundon, and mixed some herb juices, then exploded them with two pieces of flint.

Our social life was very successful with the exception of one disturbing feature. At great feasts and other events we had no one to lead us properly in our songs and cheers. We wanted to choose several of our fairest maidens for this task but we did not do so because of a fear of a great wooden god\*. We struggled with this god for a long time and finally with the help of Miss Miner-Ha-Ha we were permitted to choose four frisky females to lead us in our vocal expressions. This was a great accomplishment and we are still praising the gods for their leniency.

In such manner we have spent four years on this great plateau, but through some strange foreboding, our witch doctor tells us that we'll be moving on this summer. This is indeed a sad thought but at least it offers the consolation that we will never again be summoned into the wigwam of Big Chief West for a session of reproach.

\*Board of Education

## TWENTY YEARS AFTER Continued from page 23

aged at last to conquer a colony for the Reich. They fought for three weeks and finally captured an oasis in the middle of the Sahara Desert. The whole world thrills at this saga of how only thirty armoured divisions of Nutzies captured an oasis defended by a lost soldier of the Foreign Legion, Clayton Cushman, and his two servants. This event will go down in military history for our great grandsons to study. (I'm sure they'll appreciate it.)

From Berlin we roam southward with the aid of Zimmerman and his controls. We cross the Alps and stop so that the city of Rome is spread out on the screen before us. The International All-Girl Olympics are being held here, and we focus the scene until we can view the arena. Dorothy Barry has just won the 150-yard back-

stroke event in the historic Roman Baths. We are able to see several contestants standing around discussing the games. Mary Fillipini, Gladys Butler, and Carolyn Smith are talking confidentially with one of the timers of the mile run. There seems to be some disagreement but there always is when three girls get together. Over by the pole vault are Emma Barker, Anne Fleming, Alberta Thompson and Marion Shartle. They seem to be enjoying a few smuggled pieces of chocolate, unaware that they are jeopardizing their waist-line.

"Come on, Zimmerman," pleads Dundon, "Let's pick up the finals in the Bathing Beauty Contest at Atlantic City."

Reluctantly, Zimmerman, a profound woman hater, makes the required adjustments and we see on the screen a long stretch of deserted boardwalk.

"Hmm," murmurs Dundon, "We're early."

The machine is left in the same position and we await the coming of the crowd. Finally, far down the boardwalk appears a mass of people. They are marching behind the girls who were fast enough to qualify for the finals. Preceding them is Leo Timmons carrying the cup which is to be awarded to the winner. Following close upon his heels come the gorgeous girls: Janet Moore, Marilyn Tarnow, Jeanne Rettig, Jean Steinegger, Teresa Vittori and Dorothy Rowe. Leo appoints several healthy looking gentlemen from the crowd to act as tellers and collect the secret ballots. George Bird, Bob Cranshaw and Bill Dreher collect the ballots and count them. There is some unforeseen difficulty and the girls each receive the same number of votes. Clint Byrnes offers to judge for himself, but he is quickly yanked back into his place by his steady girl friend. The contest threatens to end in a riot so Timmons, with unusual quick-wittedness, throws the cup to the ground and gives each contestant one of the pieces. The scene then fades upon the screen.

"Prof Dundon," calls Gadget, "Something has gone flooie with the machine."

"What's that?" mumbles Dundon, who has once again sunk into a coma. "Oh! Just give it a boot with your right foot and it will be all right."

Zimmerman quickly follows his instructions and the machine begins to hum again. Only this time, the adjustments have been jiggled so that the screen shows the interior of a large department store in New York, Howell & Lohwater's, to be painstakingly correct. The store is full of sales girls who are diligently trying to peddle their wares above the incessant clamor of the mob. We can see Beverly Burns, Jean Schumaker, Isabell Sheppler and Lorraine Tambllyn at one counter defending some choice bits of underwear.

Continued on page 61

"Lonesome Goose" Schwan



"Laughing Boy" Baird

Four Frisky Females



"By Chee" West

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from complete annihilation by an angry mob. It's dollar day.

In another corner by the bookshelf we see Lois Davies, Elsie Suits and Verna Suverkrop selling light and heavy literature, to mostly heavy people. Bob Hosley's newest book "Philosophy and Us" is in great demand. Preachers, however, advocate that it should be burned rather than read.

Down in the basement, we find Don Smith, Bruce McBride and Nick Rodak trying to demonstrate a miniature sky rocket designed to amuse small boys on the Fourth of July. Smith has a great flare for this sort of thing.

Across the aisle stands Jim Ely, Bob Turcotte and Francis Pasquale demonstrating model airplanes, while Peter Vanderlike and Leonard Snell try to shoot them down with pea shooters.

Zimmerman spins another wheel and we find ourselves looking in on a convention of the Women Voters League. Carolyn Hansen is leading the convention; the girls are debating whether to nominate a woman for President. Jean Lissow leads the affirmative side of the question along with Norma Ockenden, Betty Place, Lillian Shea, Betty Reustow, June Schwartz and Suzy Todd. Each is given the opportunity to speak in favor of a woman candidate for president. The negative side is led by Phyllis Scherer and the followers are, Phyllis Tamblyn, Rosemary Moriarty, Shirley Nietz, Doris Griswold, Jean Hauck, and Mildred Johnson. Jeanne O'Conner, the famous woman journalist, is covering the convention. We can locate several familiar faces in the gallery, all intently watching the progress of events, Norma Schwan, Eileen Ryder, Edna Kelso, Doloris Loasby, Winifred McNeil, and Betty Poland. Each has hopes of being nominated should the affirmative side win.

Once again our scene changes and we find that we are viewing an illustrated lecture on nature given by Richard Hughes. Mr. Hughes has traveled extensively and he had seen many interesting parts of the world. His audience is an openminded group who are cheerfully munching peanuts and enjoying the enlightenment on the subject of nature.

The front row is occupied by Kenneth Raymond, Don Spratt, Richard Lewis and Carl Jensen. They are nearly asleep. Further back in the hall we find Ed Howden, Bob Wilson and Bob O'Connor. They are completely asleep. It is fortunate in that the lecturer can't be heard as distinctly where they are as in the front row.

By another process of judicious juggling of the controls, Zimmerman swings the central Western Plains of Nebraska into focus. Here we find a model town run by blonde Mary Ellen Berger. Eleanor Dettman, Betty Bristol and Arline Kiesow hold important offices in the

town. Men are scarce so those who have the misfortune to be there are worked to death in a very few years. With our limited screen we can see Don Wedel, Allen Jackson, Doug White, Essie Sangiacomo and George Marcille trying to play a game of freeze-out on the village square, with a trash can for a basket and a pawn broker's sign for a ball. They are having more than their share of troubles but still it is a relief to get away from their female bosses for a while.

It seems that the world is being slowly changed. Women are running more and more of the nations business and the last straw is the news that the Women Voters League have overthrown the government and set up Jean Lissow as Dictator. Men are forced to flee lest they be captured and made to wash the family dishes, which were abandoned by the women in their haste to get to Washington. According to a late news flash Jack Fields was shot by a mob of angry women when he appeared on the street without a tie.

Zimmerman, at the controls of his Audioionicteleceiver gestures violently at his chief.

"Professor Dundon, look quickly at the screen." There outlined in the sunlight is a group of women with stern faces marching through the bleak landscape towards the secluded cabin wherein lies the product of 20 years labor. The Audioionicteleceiver. The group led by Anna May Hill, Catherine Hoysic, Dorothy Mosley and Jean Hughes slowly closes in on the cabin and attack it. In the ensuing struggle the machine is smashed and so are Zimmerman and Dundon. With a victorious battle cry Jean Hughes marches out into the sun.

"At last girls we've found the cause of the static in our radios and our high electric light bills!"

### Continued from page 31

life. Somehow that sounds as though they are people of an alien land. Of course they aren't, but all of us were surprised at the vast difference between rural and urban life.

We have ten in our group. All of us are seniors with the exception of Dorothy Goodenow. We hope to keep this a group to which juniors as well as seniors will consider it an honor to belong.

One thing we hope our successors will do, is to carry on the memorial services for Susan B. Anthony, which we started this year. On her birthday we held an impressive ceremony at her grave, after which we gave a short program of her life and accomplishments at the Gannett House.

Those pupils who are in this club are as follows: Edna Kelso (President), Audrey Pickworth (Secretary), Dorothy Barry, Mary Ellen Berger, Chester Couch, Jack Fields, Dorothy Goodenow, Betty Henderson, Jack O'Rorke, and Donald Spratt.

#### HI-Y Continued from page 42

members on different subjects. Lively discussions have always been stimulated by these man-to-man talks.

Once each year, delegates from all New York State Hi-Y's are invited to attend a conference in the State Capitol building at Albany. For one week-end, these delegates take over the Legislature, introducing, discussing, and voting on bills presented by themselves. In short, laws are made in the Capitol just as the elected representatives make them for the State government. Beta Hi-Y's delegate this year was Jack O'Rorke, past Hi-Y president. Judging from the report of Jack's trip to the Club, it was a very educational and enjoyable experience.

Archie McKnight was a Hi-Y member several years ago, who was always admired for his good sportsmanship and high Christian ideals. Then death cut short his life span. In his memory, Charlotte Beta Hi-Y awards a silver cup, known as the Archie McKnight Trophy, each year to the senior most closely living up to the ideals set up by him.

The national purpose of Hi-Y which the Charlotte Beta chapter and other chapters accept is "to create, maintain, and extend throughout the high school and community, high standards of Christian character."

#### BILL OF RIGHTS Continued from page 44

uses that could possibly be conceived.

When, in 1734, John Peter Zenger was acquitted of libel, because of some virulent remarks against the government, the way was paved for press freedom.

Today, the way in which we interpret the Bill of Rights and the way in which we execute our obligations to it will serve to tell us "whether this nation (but more what it stands for) or any other nation so conceived or so dedicated can long endure."

BETTY AHRENS, 10.

#### INTERHIGH SCIENCE CLUB Continued from page 50

Writers. These groups permit specialization and active pursuit of varied interests.

Membership qualification standards have been reduced to encourage students to apply. At present the student is required to have a good scholastic record, to be taking a science course in high school, to be above the ninth grade and to exhibit a compelling interest in some branch of science.

The Science Club's success depends upon new members from Charlotte because many of our representatives will leave the club when the 1941 class graduates from school, therefore we are

encouraging membership from the tenth and eleventh years.

Register your name as a candidate for the Interhigh Science Club with our science department head, Mr. Bennett.

Do it today. Don't delay. Enjoy the benefits of this club to further your knowledge in a field of science that appeals to you.

#### IT'S GREAT TO BE AN AMERICAN!

It's great to be an American! It's great to walk safely down the busy streets and smell sizzling hamburgers from a nearby White Tower, and dainty, buttered lady fingers from neat, white bakeries in our neighborhood.

It's exciting when patriotic bands sound, and marching men in colorful uniforms smile, knowing they'll see their loved ones again, as soon as the vivid affair has completed its march.

It's fun to laugh, sing, dance, read funny magazines, and follow the adventures of "The Lone Ranger" in the little theater just up the street.

It's wonderful to hear "America" on the radio, to press a button and have light, and to sleep in warm beds—undisturbed, until dawn's rosy fingers break forth.

It's beautiful the way flowers bloom, birds sing, massive oaks spring from wee acorns . . . remember—"Only God Can Make A Tree".

It's magical to hear great symphonic orchestras play the immortal music of immortal composers, to see the airy visions of an operetta and behold great paintings of the great masters.

It's fine to be able to go to a library and live with Charles Dickens or Victor Hugo for a few hours, and to have experienced people guide you to the right bookshelves.

It's lovely to pick your own mate and be able to follow your talents till you have had your share of success and happiness.

It's holy to enter the Lord's house and be thankful, with your mind and soul at ease and your country at peace!

It's adventure that shines in a little fellow's eyes, when he sees the great, silver birds of the sky, and not fear or hate.

It's nice to have such an understanding dog as mine, one you can tell your little hopes and woes to, and know he'll never tell!

It's satisfying to have warm sunshine about us as we work and play, and to go to school to be better Americans!

It's swell to talk to your Dad in pig-latin and have your Mom remember that you like apple pie better than cherry.

Gosh! It's great to be an American!

SALLY ADELE BENNETT, 10.

[illegible]



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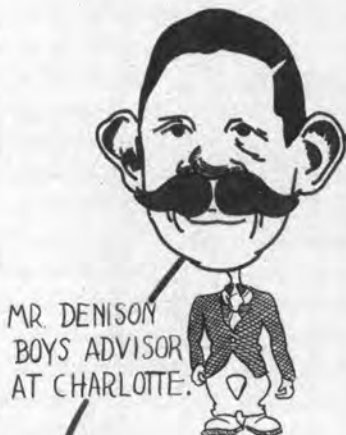
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THAT'S BEEN  
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THE GYM  
LATELY IS  
AL FIELDS,  
CITY BOXING  
CHAMP.



"KNUTE" TICHENOR,  
CHARLOTTE'S ALL-  
AMERICAN.



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THE VARSITY  
HITS ITS STRIDE  
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